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BRITISH CLASSICS

THE
L O V E R.

WRITTEN

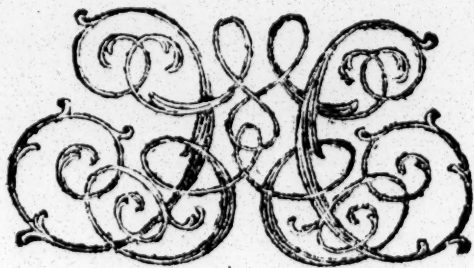
IN IMITATION OF THE TATLER.

BY

MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.

PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS : NAM ME DISCEDERE FLAVIT.

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C X C V I I .

TO
SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

SIR,

AS soon as I thought of making the *LOVER* a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without farther distracting my choice, to send it *To the best-natured Man*. You are so universally known for this character, that an Epistle so directed would find it's way to you without your name: and, I believe, nobody but yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

This propensity is the nearest akin to Love; and Good-nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as Love is the noblest passion of it: while the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses it's benevolence to all the world.

As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate to you the singular felicity that your profession is so agreeable to your temper. For what condition is more desirable than a constant impulse to relieve the distressed, and a capacity to administer that relief? When the sick man hangs his eye on that of his physician, how pleasing must it be to speak comfort to his anguish, to raise in him the first motions of hope; to lead him into a persuasion that he shall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the blessings of being!

The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich.

The pitiful artifices which empyricks are guilty of to drain cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with GARTH to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to those whose gratitude you every day refuse, if they knew that you resist their presents lest you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those with whose necessities you are unacquainted?

The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood and the sanctions of affinity. This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so happily turned: but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes amongst

DEDICATION.

amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication ; and in an address of this kind, it is more usual to celebrate men's great talents, than those virtues to which such talents ought to be subservient : yet where the bent of man's spirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to serve the world in his profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applauses for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no room for saying any thing to you, as you are a man of wit and a great poet ; all that can be spoken that is worthy an ingenuous spirit, in the celebration of such faculties, has been incomparably said by yourself to others, or by others to you. You have never been excelled in this kind, but by those who have written in praise of you : I will not pretend to be your rival even with such an advantage over you ; but, assuring you, in Mr. Codrington's words *, that I do not know whether my love or admiration is greater.

I remain,

SIR,

Your most faithful Friend,

And most obliged,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy :
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Codrington to Dr. Garth before the Dispensary.



THE
L O V E R.

N^o I. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1714.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

HOR.

THERE have been many and laudable endeavours of late years, by sundry authors, under different characters, and of different inclinations and capacities, to improve the world, by half-sheet advertisements, in learning, wit, and politics; but these works have not attentively enough regarded the softer affections of the mind, which being properly raised and awakened, make way for the operation of all good arts.

After mature deliberation with myself upon this subject, I have thought, that if I could trace the passion or affection of Love through all its joys and inquietudes, through all the stages and circumstances of life, in both sexes, with strict respect to virtue and innocence, I should, by a just representation and history of that one passion, steal into the bosom of my reader, and build upon it all the sentiments and resolutions which incline and qualify us for every thing that is truly excellent, great, and noble.

All you, therefore, who are in the dawn of life, as to conversation with a faithless and artful world, attend to one who has passed through almost all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befall you in the pursuit of love. If you diligently observe me, I will teach you to avoid the temptations of lawless desire, which leads to shame and sorrow; and carry you into

the paths of Love, which will conduct you to honour and happiness. This passion is the source of our being; and as it is so, it is also the support of it; for all the adventures which they meet with who swerve from Love, carry them so far out of the way of their true being, which cannot pleasingly pass on when it has deviated from the rules of honourable passion.

My purpose, therefore, under this title, is to write of such things only which ought to please all men, even as men; and I shall never hope for prevailing under this character of *Lover*, from my force in the reason offered, but as that reason makes for the happiness and satisfaction of the person to whom I address. My reader is to be my mistress; and I shall always endeavour to turn my thoughts so as that there shall be nothing in my writings too severe to be spoken before one unacquainted with learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the paths of virtue, or desirous to walk in them for the future.

My assistants, in this work, are persons whose conduct of life has turned upon the incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable passion, as they respectively are apt to call it, from the impression it has left upon their imaginations, and which

which mingles in all their words and actions.

It cannot be supposed the gentlemen can be called by their real names, in so publick a manner as this is. But the hero of my story, now in the full bloom of life, and seen every day in all the places of resort, shall bear the name of one of our British rivers, which washes his estate. As I design this paper shall be a picture of familiar life, I shall avoid words derived from learned languages, or ending in foreign terminations: I shall shun also names significant of the person's character of whom I talk; a trick used by play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a device than that of under-writing the name of an animal on a post, which the painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common eyes, or by his delineation of it's limbs.

Mr. Severn is now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, a gentleman of great modesty and courage, which are the radical virtues which lay the solid foundation for a good character and behaviour both in public and private. I will not, at this time, make the reader any further acquainted with him than from this particular, that he extremely affects the conversation of people of merit, who are advanced in years, and treats every woman of condition, who is past being entertained on the foot of homage to her beauty, so respectfully, that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable. This natural goodness has gained him many hearts, which have agreeable persons to give with them: I mean, mothers have a fondness for him, and wish that fondness could be gratified by his passion to their daughters. Were you to visit him in a morning, you would certainly find some awkward thing of business, some old steward, or distant retainer to a great family, who has a proposal to make to him, not (you may be sure) coming from the person who sent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged.

Mr. Severn has at this time patterns sent him of all the young women in town; and I who am of his council in these matters, have read his particulars of women brought him, not from professed undertakers that way, but from those who are under no necessity of selling immediately; but such who have

daughters a good way under twenty, that can stay for a market, and send in their account of the lady, in general terms only: as that she is so old, so tall, worth so much down, and has two bachelor uncles (one a rich merchant) that will never marry; her maiden-aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine jewels, and the like. I have observed in these accounts, when the fortune is not suitable, they subjoin a postscript, she is very handsome; if she is rich and defective as to charms, they add, she is very good.

But I was going to say, that Mr. Severn having the good sense to affect the conversation of those elder than himself, passes some time at a club, which (with himself) consists of five; whom we shall name as follows.

Mr. Oswald, a widower, who has within these few months buried a most agreeable woman, who was his beloved wife; and is indulged by this company to speak of her in the terms she deserved of him, with allowance to mingle family-tales concerning the merit of his children, and the ways and methods he designs to take to support a painful and lonely being, after the loss of this companion, which tempered all his sorrows, and gave new sense and spirit to his satisfactions.

Mr. Mullet, a gentleman, who, in the most plentiful fortune, seems to taste very little of life, because he has lost a lady whom he passionately loved, and by whom he had no children: he is the last of a great house; and though he wants not many months of fifty, is much sought by ladies as bright as any of the sex; but as he is no fool, but is sensible they compare his years with their own, and have a mind to marry him, because they have a mind to bury him, he is as froward, exceptionous, and humour-some, as ever a beauty of them all. I, who am intimate with Mullet as well as Severn, know that many of the same women have been offered to him of fifty, in case of losing him of five and twenty; and some perhaps in hopes of having them both: for they prudently judge, that when Mullet is dead, it may then be time enough for Severn to marry; and a lady's maid can observe, that many an unlikely thing has come to pass, than this view of marriage between her young mistress and both those gentlemen.

Mr.

Mr. Johnson is a gentleman happy in the conversation of an excellent wife, by whom he has a numerous offspring; and the manner of subjecting his desires to his circumstances, which are not too plentiful, may give occasion in my future discourses to draw many incidents of domestic life, which may be as agreeable to the rest of the young men of this nation, as they are to the well-disposed Mr. Severn.

The fourth man of this little assembly is Mr. Wildgoose, an old bachelor, who has lived to the fifty-third year of his age, after being disappointed in love at his twenty-third. That torment of mind frers out in little dissatisfactions and uneasinesses against every thing else, without administering remedy to the ail itself, which still festers in his heart, and would be insupportable, were it not cooled by the society of the others above-mentioned. A poor old maid is one, who has long been the object of ridicule; her humours and particularities afford much matter to the facetious; but the old bachelor has ten times more of the splenetic and ridiculous, as he is conversant in larger scenes of life, and has more opportunities to diffuse his folly, and consequently can vex and delight people in more views than an ancient virgin of the other sex.

The fifth and last of this company, is my dear Self, who oblige the world with this work. But as it has been frequently observed, that the fine gentleman of a play has always something in him which is of near alliance to the real character of the author, I shall not pretend to be wholly above that pleasure; but shall, in the next paper, principally talk of myself, and satisfy my readers how well I am qualified to be the secretary of Love. I had ordered my bookseller to adorn the head of my paper with little pretty broken arrows, fans thrown away, and other ensigns armorial of the Isle of Paphos, for the embellishment of my work; but as I am a young author, and pretend to no more but a happy imita-

tion of one who went before me, he would not be at that charge. When I failed there, I desired him only to let the paper be gilded; but he said that was a new thing, and it would be taken to be written *by a person of quality*, which, I know not for what reason, the *Bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out; not without some particular hopes, that if I had not so many admirers, I might possibly have more customers than my predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the heart, than receive what would improve the head.

I therefore design to be the comfort and consolation of all persons in a languishing condition, and will receive the complaints of all the faithful sighers in city, town, or country; firmly believing that, as bad as the world is, there are as constant ones within the cities of London and Westminster, as ever wandered in the plains of Arcadia.

I shall in my next paper (as much as I can spare of it from talking of myself) tell the world how to communicate their thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the description of my apartment, and the furniture of it, together with the account of my person, which shall make up the second paper or chapter, and shall be placed before the *errata* of this. I have nothing further to say now, but am willing to make an end of this leaf as quaintly as possible, being the first; and therefore would have it go off, like an act in a play, with a couplet; but the spirit of that will be wholly in the power of the reader, who must quicken his voice hereabouts, like an actor at his *exit*, helping an empty verse with lively hand, foot, and voice, at once; and if he is reading to ladies, say briskly, that, with regard to the greatest part of mankind—

Foreign is every character beside;
But that of Lover every man has try'd.

N^o II. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

—MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

HOR.

I Cannot tell how many years, months, hours, days, or minutes, have passed away since I first saw Mrs. Ann Page; but certain I am, that they have ran by me, without my being much concerned in what was transacted in the world around me all that while. Mrs. Page being a gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to distraction, has made me very particular in my behaviour upon all the occurrences on this earth, and negligent of those things in which others terminate all their care and study; inso-much, that I am very sensible it is only because I am harmless, that the busy world does not lock me up; for if they will not own themselves mad, they must conclude I am, when they see me cold to the pursuits of riches, wealth, and power; and when people have been speaking of great persons and illustrious actions, I close the whole with something about Mrs. Page, they are apt to think my head turned, as well as I do theirs. However, I find consolation in the simplicity of my distress, (which has banished all other cares) and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the silly crowds who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in myself, the most innocent of all creatures; and a squirrel in a chain, whose teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing mischief. Mrs. Ann Page had such a turn with her neck, when I, thinking no harm, first looked upon her, that I was soon after in a fever, and had like to have left a world which I ever since despised, and been at rest. But as Mrs. Ann's parents complied with her own passion for a gentleman of much greater worth and fortune than myself, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my passion by all the diversions and entertainments I could. But I thank Mrs. Ann, (I am still calling her by her maiden name) she has always been civil to me, and permitted me to stand godfather at the baptism of one of her sons.

This would appear a very humble favour to a man of ungoverned desire; but as for me, as soon as I found Mrs.

Ann was engaged, I could not think of her with hope any longer, any other-ways than that I should ever be ready to express the passion I had for her, by civilities to any thing that had the most remote relation to her. But, alas! I am going on as if every body living was acquainted with Mrs. Ann Page and myself, when there is indeed no occasion of mentioning either, but to inform the reader, that it is from the experience of a patient I am become a physician in love. I have been in it thirty years, just as long as the learned Sydenham had the gout; and though I cannot pretend to make cures, I can, like him, put you in a good regimen when you are down in a fit. As I was saying, this affection of mine left behind it a scorn of every thing else; and having an aversion to business, I have passed my time very much in observation upon the force and influence this passion has had upon other men, and the different turns it has given each respective generation, from the cultivation or abuse of it. You will say I fell into very unhappy days for a lover of my complexion, who can be satisfied with distant good-will from the person beloved, and am contented that her circumstances can allow me only her esteem, when I acquaint you that my most vigorous years were passed away in the reign of the amorous Charles the Second. The licences of that court did not only make that love, which the vulgar call romantic, the object of jest and ridicule, but even common decency and modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural. The writers for the stage fell in with the court, and the theatre diffused the malignity into the minds of the nobility and gentry, by which means the degeneracy spread itself through the whole people, and shame itself was almost lost: naked Innocence, that most charming of beauties, was confronted by that most hideous of monsters, barefaced Wickedness.

This made me place all my happiness in hours of retirement; and as great distresses often turn to advantage, I impute

pute it to the wickedness of the age, that I am a great master of the bass-viol.

With this instrument I have passed many a heavy hour, and laid up treasures of knowledge, drawn from contemplation, on what I had seen every day in the world, during the intervals from music and reading, which took up the principal part of my time. My purpose, at present, is to be a knight-errant with the pen, since that order of men who were so with their swords, are quite laughed out of the world. My business is to kill monsters, and to relieve virgins; but as it has been the custom, time out of mind, for knights, who take upon them such laudable and hazardous labours, to have a castle, a moat round it, and all other conveniencies within themselves, it has luckily happened, that the spacious and magnificent apartment, which the ingenious Mr. Powell lately possessed in Covent Garden, has lately been relinquished by him, upon some importunate words and menaces given him by a gentleman who has the sovereignty of it, by virtue of some enchanted rolls of parchment, which convey that mansion unto the said chief commander, vulgarly called a landlord. By this means, you are to understand, that the apartment, wherein the little Kings and Queens lately diverted so many of our nobility and gentry, is now mine. This spacious gallery, for such I have made it for my musings and wanderings of thought, I have dignified with the name of *The Lover's Ledge*, where, under fancied skies, and painted clouds, left by Mr. Powell, I sit and read the true histories of famous knights and beautiful damsels, which the ignorant call romances. To make my walk more gloomy, and adapted both for melody and sadness, there lies before me, at present, a Death's head, my Bass-viol, and the History of Grand Cyrus. I cannot tell by what chance, I have also some ridiculous writers in my study, for I have an aversion for comies, and those they call pleasant fellows, for they are insensible of love. Those creatures get into a familiarity with ladies, without respect on either side, and consequently can neither see what is amiable, or be the objects of love. I wonder how these buffoons came into my head. But I was going to intimate, that the notions of gallantry are turned topsy-turvy, and the knight-errantry of this profligate

age is destroying as many women as they can. It is notorious, that a young man of condition does no more than is expected from him, if, before he thinks of settling himself in the world, he is the ruin of half a dozen females, whose fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious ancestors, whether successful in virtue or iniquity, have left him.

Thus I every day see innocents abused, scorned, betrayed, and neglected, by brutes, who have no sense of any thing but what indulges their appetites; and can no longer suffer the more charming and accomplished part of the species to want a friend and advocate. I shall enquire, in due time, and make every anti-hero in Great Britain give me an account why one woman is not as much as ought to fall to his share; and shall shew every abandoned wanderer, that with all his blustering, his restless following every female he sees, is much more ridiculous than my constant, imaginary attendance, on my fair-one, without ever seeing her at all.

But the main purpose of this chapter I had like to have slipped over, to wit, the more exact account of my bower. As it is not natural for a man in love to sleep all night, but to be a great admirer of walking, I am at the charge of four tapers burning all night, and take my itinerations, with much gloomy satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long room, my field-bed being too small to interrupt my passage, though placed in the middle of my apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have visited Mr. Powell's theatre, can have a notion how I am accommodated; but if you will suppose a single man had Westminster Hall for his bed-chamber, and lay in a truckle-bed in the midst of it, it will give you a pretty good idea of the posture in which I dream (but with honour and chastity) of the incomparable Mrs. Page.

My predecessors in knight-errantry, who were, as I above observed, men of the sword, had their lodgings adorned with burnished arms round the cornices, limbs of dried giants over their heads, and all about the moat of their castle, where they walked by moon-light; but as I am a pen-champion, and live in town, and have quite another sort of people to deal with, to wit, the critics, beaux, and rakes of Covent Garden, I have nothing but stand-dishes, pens and

ink, and paper, on little tables at equal distance, that no thought may be lost as I am musing. I am forced to comply, more than my inclinations and high passions would otherwise permit, and tell the world how to correspond with me, after their own method, in the common way: I am to signify, therefore, that I am more accessible than any other

knights ever were before me, and in plain terms, that there is a coffee-house under my apartment; nay further, that a letter, directed to Mr. Marmaduke Myrtle, at the Lover's Lodge, to be left at Shanley's Coffee-house, Convent Garden, will find the gentlest of mortals, your most enamoured, humble servant.

Nº III. TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

YOUNG NOBLES, TO MY LAWS ATTENTION LEND:
AND ALL YOU VULGAR OF MY SCHOOL, ATTEND.

ART OF LOVE, CONGREVE.

LOVER'S LODGE, MARCH 2.

NOW I have told all the world my name and place of abode, it is impossible for me to enjoy the studious retirement I promised myself in this place. For most of the people of wit and quality who frequented these lodgings in Mr. Powell's time, have been here; and I having a silly creature of a footman, who never lived but with private gentlemen, and cannot stedfastly lie, they all see by his countenance he does not speak truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unspeakable pleasure that so many beauteous ladies have made me compliments upon my design to favour and defend the sex against all pretenders without merit, and those who have merit, and use it only to deceive and betray. The principal fair-ones of the town, and the most eminent toasts, have signed an address of thanks to me; and, in the body of it, laid before me some grievances, among which the greatest are the evil practices of a set of persons whom they call in their presentation the *Lovers Vagabond*. There has been, indeed, ever since I knew this town, one man of condition or other, who has been at the head, and giving example to this sort of companions, been the model for the fashion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to property in a country where thieves were tolerated, and it is as much so to talk of honour and decency when the prevailing humour runs directly against them. The *Lovers Vagabond* are an order of modern adventurers, who seem to be the exact opposite to that venerable and chaste fraternity, which were formerly called Knights-errant. As a knight-errant professed the

practice and protection of all virtues, particularly chastity, a *lover vagabond* tramples upon all rights, domestic, civil, human, and divine, to come at his own gratification in the corruption of innocent women. There are sometimes persons of good accomplishments and faculties, who commence secretly *lovers vagabond*, but though amorous stealths have been imputed by some historians to the wisest and greatest of mankind, yet none but superficial men have ever publicly entered into the list of the *Vagabond*. A *lover vagabond*, considering him in his utmost perfection and accomplishment, is but a seeming man. He usually has a command of insignificant words, accompanied with easy action, which passes among the sillier part of the fair for eloquence and fine breeding. He has a mien of condescension, from the knowledge that his carriage is not absurd, which he pursues to the utmost impudence. He can cover any behaviour, to clothe any idea with words that, to an unskilful ear, shall bear nothing of offence. He has all the sufficiency which little learning and general notices of things give to giddy heads, and is wholly exempt from that diffidence which almost always accompanies great sense and great virtue in the presence of the admired. But the *lover vagabond* loving no woman so much as to be distressed for the loss of her, his manner is generally easy and janty, and it must be from very good sense and experience in life that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, though much to the advantage of those whom I have taken under my care, that the chief of this order, at present among us in Great Britain,

Britain, is but a speculative *debauchée*. He has the language, the air, the tender glance; he can hang upon a look; has most exactly the sudden veneration of face, when he is caught ogling one whose pardon he would beg for gazing; he has the exultation at leading off a lady to her coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her servants with a loudness, and a certain gay insolence, well enough; nay, he will hold her hand too fast for a man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come to that gripe with such slow degrees, that she cannot say he squeezed her hand, but for any thing further he had no inclination. This chieftain, however, I fear will give me more plague and disturbance than any one man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is busy in all places; an ample fortune and vigour of life enable him to carry on a shew of great devastation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair warning to turn his thoughts to new entertainments, upon pain of having it discovered, that she is still a virgin upon whom he made his last settlement. The secret, that he is more innocent than he seems, is preserved by great charge and expence on humble retainers and servants of his pleasures. But some of the women, who are above the age of novices, have found him out, and have in a private gang given him the nick-name of the *Blight*, for that they find themselves blasted by him, though they are not sensible of his touch. It was the other day said, at a visit, Mr. Such-a-one, naming the *Blight*, had ruined a certain young lady. 'No,' said a sensible female; 'if she says so, I am sure she wrongs him.' 'He may,' continued she, with an air of a disappointed woman, between rage and laughter, 'hire ruffians to abuse her; but many a woman has come out of the *Blight's* hands even safer than she wished. I know one to whom, at parting, with a thousand poetical repetitions, and pressing her hands, he vowed he would tell nobody; but the Flirt, throwing out of his arms, answered pertly, "I don't make you the same promise."

Though I shall from time to time display the *Lovers Vagabond* in their proper colours, I here publish an act of indemnity to all females who took them for fine fellows until my writing ap-

peared; that is to say, (for in a public act we must be very clear) I shall not look back to any thing that happened before Thursday the 25th of February last past, that being the first day of my appearance in public.

I expect, therefore, to find, that on that day all vagrant desires took their leave of the cities of London and Westminster.

In order to recover simplicity of manners without the loss of true gaiety of life, I shall take upon me the office of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. I cannot easily put those two Latin into two as expressive English words; but my meaning is, to set up for a judge of elegant pleasures; and I shall dare to assert, in the first place, (to shew both the discerning and severity of a just judge) that the greatest elegance of delights consists in the innocence of them. I expect, therefore, a seat to be kept for me at all balls, and a ticket sent, that by myself, or a subordinate officer of mine, I may know what is done and said at all assemblies of diversion: I shall take care to substitute none, where I cannot be myself present, who are not fit for the best bred society; in the choice of such deputies, I shall have particular regard to their being accomplished in the little usages of ordinary and common life, as well as in noble and liberal arts.

I have many youths, who, in the intermediate seasons between the terms at the Universities, are under my discipline, after being perfect masters of the Greek and Roman eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, such as coming in and going out of a room. Mr. Severn himself, whom I now make the pattern of good-breeding, and my top fine gentleman, was with me twice a day for six months upon his first coming to town, before he could leave the room with any tolerable grace: when he had a mind to be going; he never could move without bringing in the words, 'Well, Sir, I find I interrupt you;' or, 'Well, I fear you have other business;' or, 'Well, I must be going.' Hereupon I made him give me a certain sum of money down in hand, under the penalty of forfeiting twenty shillings every time, upon going away, he pronounced the particle *well*. I will not say how much it cost him before he could get well out of the room. Some silly particle or other,

other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the rest of the discourse, is a common error of young men of good education.

Though I have already declared I shall not use words of foreign termination, I cannot help if my correspondents do it. A gentleman, therefore, who subscribes Aronces, and writes to me concerning some regulations to be made among a set of country dancers, must be more particular in his account. His general complaint is, that the men who are at the expence of the ball, bring people of different characters together, and the libertine and innocent are huddled, to the danger of the latter, and encouragement of the former. I have frequently observed this kind of enormity, and must desire Aronces to give me an

exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs. Gatty sets, when it happens that she is to pass by the *lover vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his cousin Jenny. For I design to have a very strict eye upon these diversions; and it shall not suffice, that, according to the author of *The Rape of the Lock*, all faults are laid upon Sylphs; when I make my enquiry, as the same author has it—

What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades.
Safe from the treach'rous friend and daring
spark,
The glance by day, and whisper in the dark?
When kind Occasion prompts their warm
desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?

Nº IV. THURSDAY, MARCH 4.

THE DANCER JOINING WITH THE TUNEFUL THROG,
ADDS DECENT MOTION TO THE SPRIGHTLY SONG.
THIS STEP DENOTES THE CAREFUL LOVER; THIS,
THE HARDY WARRIOR, OR THE DRUNKEN SWISS.
HIS PLIANT LIMES IN VARIOUS FIGURES MOVE,
AND DIFFERENT GESTURES DIFFERENT PASSIONS PROVE.
STRANGE ART! THAT FLOWS IN SILENT ELOQUENCE,
THAT TO THE PLAS'D SPECTATOR CAN DISPENSE
WORDS WITHOUT SOUND, AND, WITHOUT SPEAKING, SENSE. }
WEAVER'S HISTORY OF DANCING.

THE great work which I have begun for the service of the more polite part of this nation, cannot be supposed to be carried on by the invention and industry of a single person only: it is, therefore, necessary that I invite all other ingenious persons to assist me. Considering my title is *The Lover*, and that a good air and mien is (in one who pretends to please the fair) as useful as skill in all or any of the arts and sciences, I am mightily pleased to observe, that the art of Dancing is, of late, come to take rank in the learned world, by being communicated in letters and characters, as all other parts of knowledge have for some ages been. I shall desire all those of the faculty of Dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new steps they take in the improvement of the science. I this morning read, with unspeakable delight, in The Evening Post, the following advertisement—

On Tuesday last was published,
THE Bretagne, a French Dance, by Mr. Pecour, and writ by Mr. Siris; engraven in Characters and Figures, for the use of Masters. Price 2s. 6d. Note, Mr. Siris's Ball Dances are likewise printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All sold by J. Walsh, at the Harp and Hautboy, in Catharine Street in the Strand.

Take this Dance in it's full extent and variety, it is the best I ever read; and though Mr. Siris, out of modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the stile, that he himself writ it; and, if I know any thing of writing, he certainly penned the last *coupée*. This admirable piece is full of instruction; you see it is called the Bretagne, that is to say, the Britain. It is intended for a festival entertainment, (like Mr. Bays's Grand Dance) that,

that, upon occasion of the peace with France and Spain, the whole nation should learn a new Dance together. Some of the best experienced persons in French dancing are to practise it at the Great Room in York Buildings; where, it seems, the Master of the Revels lives. He, as it is usual, carries a white wand in his hand, and, at a motion made with it to the music, the dance is to begin. I am credibly informed that, out of respect, and for distinction-sake, he has ordered, that the first person who shall be taken out, is to be the Censor of great Britain. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the gravity of that sage; for it is well known, the judges of the land dance the first day of every term, and it is supposed, by some, they are to dance next after the Censor.

Mr. Siris has made the beginning of this movement very difficult for any one who has not, from his natural parts, a more than ordinary qualification that way. The Dance is written in the genius required by Mr. Weaver, in his History of Dancing. 'The ancients,' says that more than peripatetic philosopher, Mr. Weaver, 'were so fond of dancing, that Pliny has given us Dancing Islands; which passage of Pliny, Cælius Rodiginus quotes. There is also an account,' says he, 'that in the Torrhebian Lake, which is also called the Nymphæan, there are certain islands of the Nymphs, which move round in a ring at the sound of the flutes, and are therefore called the Calamine Islands, from Calamus, a pipe or reed; and also the Dancing Islands, because at the sound of the symphony, they were moved by the beating of the feet of the singers.'

I appeal to all the learned etymologists in Great Britain, whether it is possible to assign a reason for calling this grand Dance The Britain, if the French did not think to make this a dancing island. The stile of Mr. Siris is apparently political, as any judicious reader will find, if he peruses his Siciliana,

which was writ to instruct another dancing island, taught by the French. Let any man who has read Machiavel, and understands dancing characters, cast an eye on Mr. Siris's second page. It is intituled—The Siciliana, Mr. Siris's New Dance for the Year 1714. Mr. Siris a native of France, you may be sure, sees farther into the French motions for the ensuing year than we heavy Englishmen do, or he would never say it was made for that more than any other year, for all authors believe their works will last every year after they are written to the world's end. I take it for a fly satire upon the awkward imitations of all nations which have not yet learned French dances, that the very next page to the Siciliana is called the *Baboon's Minuet*. Then, after that again, to intimidate the people who won't learn from the French, he calls the next the *Dragoon's Minuet*. I wish all good Protestants to be aware of this *movement*; for they tell me that, when it is teaching, a Jesuit, in disguise, plays on the kit.

But I forget that this is too elaborate for my character. All that I have to say to the matter of Dancing is only as it regards lovers; and, as I would advise them to avoid dabbling in politics, I have explained these political dances, that the motions we learn may never end in warlike ones; like those which were performed by the ancients with clashing of swords, described by Mr. Weaver (in the above-mentioned history) out of Claudian—

Here, too, the warlike dancers bless our
fight,
Their artful wand'ring, and their laws of
flight,
An unconfus'd return and inoffensive fight.
Soon as the master's blow proclaims the prize,
Their moving breasts in tuneful changes rise,
The shields salute their sides, or strait are
shown
In air with waving, deep their targets groan,
struck with alternate swords, which thence
rebound,
And end the concert, and the sacred sound.

N^o V. SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

—MY SOUL'S FAR BETTER PART,
 CEASE WEeping, NOR AFFLICT THY TENDER HEART.
 FOR WHAT THY FATHER TO THY MOTHER WAS,
 THAT FAITH TO THEE, THAT SOLEMN VOW I PASS.
 ART OF LOVE, CONGREVE.

AS I have fixed my stand in the very centre of Covent Garden, a place for this last century particularly famed for wit and love; and am near the play-house, where one is represented every night by the other; I think I ought to be particularly careful of what passes in my neighbourhood; and, as I am a professed knight-errant; do all that lies in my power to make the charming endowment of wit, and the prevailing passion of love, subservient to the interests of honour and virtue. You are to understand, that having yesterday made an excursion from my lodge, there passed by me, near St. James's, the charmer of my heart. I have, ever since her parents first bestowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but accident once or twice in a year brings the bright phantom into my sight, upon which there is a flutter in my bosom for many days following: when I consider, that during this emotion I am highly exalted in my being, and my every sentiment improved by the effects of that passion; when I reflect, that all the objects which present themselves to me, now are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her presence; in fine, when I find in myself so strong an inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with such a readiness, to receive kind impressions of those I converse with; I am more and more convinced, that this passion is in honest minds the strongest incentive that can move the soul of man to laudable accomplishments. Is a man just? let him fall in love, and grow generous. Is a man good-natured? let him love, and grow public spirited. It immediately makes the good which is in him shine forth in new excellencies, and the ill vanish away without the pain of contrition, but with a sudden amendment of heart. This sort of passion, to produce such effects, must necessarily be conceived towards a modest and virtuous

woman; for the arts to obtain her must be such as are agreeable to her, and the lover becomes immediately possessed with such perfections or vices, as make way to the object of his desires. I have plenty of examples to enforce these truths, every night that a play is acted in my neighbourhood: the noble resolutions which heroes in tragedy take, in order to recommend themselves to their mistresses, are no way below the consideration of the wisest man; yet, at the same time, instructions the most probable to take place in the minds of the young and inconsiderate. But, in our degenerate age, the poet must have more than ordinary skill to raise the admiration of the audience so high, in the more great and public parts of his drama, to make a loose people attend to a passion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own bosoms. That perfect piece, which has done so great honour to our nation and language, called Cato, excels as much in the passion of it's lovers as in the sublime sentiments of it's hero; their generous love, which is more heroic than any concern in the chief characters of most dramas, makes but subordinate characters in this.

When Marcia reproves Juba for entertaining her with love in such a conjuncture of affairs, wherein the common cause should take place of all other thoughts, the prince answers in this noble manner:

—Thy reproofs are just,
 Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
 And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
 If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
 The war shall stand ranged in it's just array,
 And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
 O, lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
 And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
 What glorious deeds should grace the man
 who hopes
 For Marcia's love.

It has been observable, that the stage in all times has had the utmost influence on the manners and affections of mankind; and as those representations of human life have tended to promote virtue or vice, so has the age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which our theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of our corrupt sentiment in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly envious of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures strike strong and lasting impressions on the fancy and imagination of youth, and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and with as lovely colours, by the most masterly hands on the theatre. I have said masterly hands, because they must be such who can run counter to our natural propensity to inordinate pleasure; little authors are very glad of applause purchased any way; loose appetites and desires are easily raised; but there is a wide difference between that reputation and applause which is obtained from our wantonness, and that which flows from a capacity of stirring such affections which upon cool thoughts contribute to our happiness.

But I was going to give an account of the exultation which I am in, upon an accidental view of the woman whom I had long loved, with a most pure, though ardent passion; but as this is, according to my former representations of the matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I must break the force of it by leading a life suitable and analogous to it, and making all the town sensible how much they owe to her bright eyes which inspire me in the performance of my present office, in which

I shall particularly take all the youth of both sexes under my care.

The two theatres, and all the polite coffeehouses, I shall constantly frequent, but principally the coffee-house under my lodge, Button's, and the play-house in Covent-Garden. But as I set up for the judge of pleasures, I think it necessary to assign particular places of resort to my young gentlemen as they come to town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. Button's on the first day of their arrival in town. I recommend it, therefore, to young men, to frequent Shanley's some days before they take upon them to appear at Button's. I have ordered, that no one look in the face of any new comer; and taken effectual methods that he may possess himself of any empty chair in the house without being stared at; but forasmuch as some, who may have been in town for some months together heretofore, by long absence have relapsed from the audacity they had arrived at into their first bashfulness and rusticity. I have given them the same privilege of obscure entry for ten days. I have directed also, that books be kept of all that passes in town in all the eminent coffee-houses, that any gentleman, though just arrived out of exile from the most distant counties in Great Britain, may as familiarly enter into the town-talk as if he had lodged all that time in Covent-Garden; but above all things I have provided, that proper houses for bathing and cupping may be ready for those country gentlemen whose too healthy visages give them an air too robust and importunate for this polite region of lovers, who have so long avoided wind and weather, and have every day been outstripped by them in the ground they have passed over by several miles. As to the orders under which I have put my female youth at assemblies, opera's, and plays, I shall declare them in a particular chapter, under the title of, 'The Government of the Eye in Publick Places.'

N^o VI. TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

ON ROWS OF HOMELY TURF THEY SAT TO SEE,
CROWN'D WITH THE WREATHS OF EVERY COMMON TREE.
THERE, WHILE THEY SIT IN RUSTIC MAJESTY,
EACH LOVER HAS HIS MISTRESS IN HIS EYE.

ART OF LOVE.

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous; and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the intelligence which one of them sends me, for the novelty of it. The gentleman is a very great antiquary, and tells me he has several pieces by him, which are letters from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers, in their own country, after the famous rape which laid the foundation of the Roman people. He thinks these very proper memorials for one who writes an history under the title of Lover. He has also answers to those letters, and pretends Ovid took the design of his Epistles from having had these very papers in his hands. This, you'll say, is a very great curiosity; and for that reason I have resolved to give the reader the following account, which was written by a Sabine lady to her mother, within ten days after that memorable mad wedding; and is as follows:

DEAR MOTHER,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleased with a very good-natured husband in this little village here of Rome, than ever I was in all the state and plenty at your house. When he first seized me, I must confess he was very rough and ungentle, but he grows much tamer every day than other, and I do not question but we shall very soon be as orderly and sober a couple as you and my father. My cousin Lydia nobody knows of certainly, but the poor girl had two or three husbands in the rout, and as she is very pretty, they say all contend for her still. Romulus has appointed a day to fix the disputed marriages; but it is very remarkable, that several can neither agree to live together, or to part; for if one proposes it, that is taken so mortally ill, that the other will insist upon staying, at least till the other consents to stay; and then the party who denied demands a di-

vorce, to be revenged of the same inclination in the other: thus they say they cannot consent to cohabit till they are upon an equality in having each refused the other. This you must believe will make a great perplexity; but Romulus, who expects a war, will have great regard to let none who do not like each other stay together; and makes it a maxim, that a robust race is not to be expected to descend from wranglers. Pray let me know how my lover, who proposed himself to you, bears the loss of me. I must confess, I could not but resent his being indifferent on this occasion, after all the vows and protestations he made when you left us together. I don't question but he will make jests upon the poverty of the Romans; but they threaten here, that if you are not very well contented with what has passed, they will make you a visit with swords in their hands, and demand portions with your daughters. When I was made prize by my good man, who is remarkably valiant, (for which reason they left me undisputed in his hands) he soon took off my first terrors from my observation of that his pre-eminence, and a certain determinate behaviour, with a dying fondness that glowed in his eyes. I told him, from what I saw other people suffer, I could not but think my lot very fortunate, that I had fallen into his hands; and begged of him he would indulge my curiosity in going with me to some eminence, and observe what befel the rest of my friends and countrywomen. He did so, and from the place we stood on I observed what passed in all the hurly-burly, he observing to me the quality and merit of the husbands, I giving to him an account of the wives. How strangely truth will out! Hispulla, as I saw, when they were struggling for her, has crooked legs; Chloe laughed so violently when she was carried off, that I observed

served her lover, as pretty as she is, hardly thought it a purchase; while Dictynna, as homely as she is, by muffling her face and shrieking, was contended for by twenty rivals. That arch creature Flora has escaped by offering herself: as soon as she perceived what was intended, she got upon a little hillock, and cried out, 'Who will have me? who will have me? Here I am; come, take me.' This forwardness made every man think her a common woman, and the flirt is now safe under the protection of Romulus, as a woman not yet disposed of; but when her character and innocence is known, it is thought she will fall to the lot of Marcius, for his generous behaviour to Thalestrina, who you know was betrothed to Cincinnatus. Marcius and Cincinnatus have long been mortal enemies, and met each other in skirmishes of our different nations, wherein sometimes one, sometimes the other, has been successful. This noble virgin, whose beauty and virtue distinguished her above all the Sabine youth, fell into the hands of Marcius. Our apartments here are not very lofty; and arbours and grottoes, strewn with rushes, herbage, and flowers, make up the best bridal beds among the Romans: to such an abode as this Marcius dragged the lovely Thalestrina. This people are not polite enough, especially on this occasion, to express their passion by civility and ceremonious behaviour. When Thalestrina was convinced of Marcius's immediate purpose, she fell into a swoon at his feet, and with a sigh in her fall cried, 'Oh, Cincinnatus!'

Marcius, at the suddenness of the accident, and the name of his enemy and rival for military glory, was surprised with many different passions and resentments, which all ought to have given way to the care of Thalestrina; but in a nation of men only, and on the first day wherein they had a woman in their commonwealth, he was much at a loss how to be assistant to her; but as he saw life revive in her, nature and good sense dictated rather to absent himself, than be present at the many distortions of her person in coming to herself. He retired, but entered the place again when he thought she might be enough recovered to be capable of receiving what he had to say to her,

He approached as she leaned against a tree which supported the bower, and delivered himself in these terms.

'Madam, the passion you were lately in, your noble form, and the person you called upon in your distress, give me to understand you are Thalestrina. I am Marcius, and have no debate with Cincinnatus, but on account of glory: were he a stranger to me, your passion for him should secure you; were he my friend, you should command all in my power, in spite of all the charms I see in you; and as he is my enemy, I scorn to wound him in a circumstance wherein he is not capable of making a defence. You have common humanity, and the generosity of an enemy for your safeguard. I will return you to Cincinnatus; and I see by the beautiful gratitude which I now read in your face, you will represent this conduct to the advantage of the Romans, of whom there is not one who does not sacrifice his private passions to the service of his country. I assure you, I know not whether it is more beholden to me this day for the offering which I make of my anger, or my love.'

He did not put her to the pain of long acknowledgments of so great a bounty as that of her very self, but conducted her into the presence of Romulus, and told him, with a very joyous air, he had resigned a fine woman from his bed, to purchase a brave man to his country.

I know Cincinnatus so well, that I doubt not but he will be a friend to Rome, and interpose his good offices for a piece between us and the Sabines. I hope all will join in the same mediation, who have children here; for I already know not to which party my heart would wish success, if a war should ensue; for I find a wife is no longer a daughter, or any other name which comes in competition with that relation: but hope things will so end, that I may have the pleasure to be the faithful consort of an honest man, without interfering with any other character, especially that of,

Madam,

Your dutiful child,

MIRAMANTIS.

N^o VII. THURSDAY, MARCH II.

—HABET ET SUA CASTRA CUPIDO.

OVID.

THE BATTLE OF EYES.

IT has been always my opinion, that a man in love should address himself to his mistress with passion and sincerity; and that if this method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourse to artifice or dissimulation, in which he will always find himself worsted, unless he be a much better proficient in the art than any man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it *The Battle of Eyes*, as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. Ann Page,

SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

I Have for some time been solely smitten by Mrs. Lucy, who is a maiden lady in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so much of the coquette in her, that it supplies the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl in her aspect and behaviour. She has found out the art of making me believe that I have the first place in her affection, and yet so puzzles me by a double tongue, and an ambiguous look, that about once a fortnight I fancy I have quite lost her. I was the other night at the opera, where seeing a place in the second row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs. Lucy's livery, I placed myself in the pit directly over-against her footman, being determined to ogle her most passionately all that evening. I had not taken my stand there above a quarter of an hour, when *Enter Mrs. Lucy*. At her first coming in, I expected she would have cast her eye upon her humble servant; but, instead of that, after having dropped curtsy after curtsy to her friends in the boxes, she began to deal her salutes about the pit in the same liberal manner. Although I stood in the full point of view, and, as I thought, made a better figure than any body about me, she slid her eye over me, curtsied to the right and to the left, and would not see me for the space of three minutes. I fretted inwardly to

find myself thus openly affronted on every side, and was resolved to let her know my resentments by the first opportunity. This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy looking upon me, as though she had but just discovered me, she began to sink in the first offer to a curtsy; upon which, instead of making her any return, I cocked my nose, and stared at the upper gallery; and immediately after raising myself on tiptoe, stretched out my neck, and bowed to a lady who sat just behind her. I found, by my coquette's behaviour, that she was not a little nettled at this my civility, which passed over her head. She looked as pale as ashes, fell a talking with one that sat next her, and broke out into several forced smiles and fits of laughter, which I dare say there was no manner of occasion for. Being resolved to push my success, I cast my eye through the whole circle of beauties, and made my bow to every one that I knew, and to several whom I never saw before in my life. Things were thus come to an open rupture, when the curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long, but my heart relented, and gave me several girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to see the act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the audience, between the acts, our eyes met; but as mine began to offer a parley, the hard-hearted slut conveyed herself behind an old lady, in such a manner, that she was concealed from me for several moments. This gave me new matter of indignation, and I began to fancy I had lost her for ever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her right-shoulder. 'Nay, Madam,' thinks I to myself, if those are your tricks, I will 'give you as good as you bring:' upon which I withdrew in a great passion, behind a tall broad-shouldered fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay *incog.* for at least three seconds;

sends ; *Snug* was the word ; but being very uneasy in that situation, I again emerged into open candle-light, when looking for Mrs. Lucy, I could see nothing but the old woman, who screened her for the remaining part of the interlude. I was then forced to sit down to the second act, being very much agitated and tormented in mind. I was terribly afraid that she had discovered my uneasiness, as well knowing, that if she caught me at such an advantage, she would use me like a dog. For this reason I was resolved to play the indifferent upon her at my next standing up. The second act, therefore, was no sooner finished, but I fastened my eye upon a young woman who sat at the further end of the boxes, whispering, at the same time, to one who was near me, with an air of pleasure and admiration. I gazed upon her a long time, when stealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with a design to see how she took it, I found her face was turned another way, and that she was examining, from head to foot, a young well-dressed rascal who stood behind her. This cut me to the quick ; and, notwithstanding I tossed back my wig, rapped my snuff-box, displayed my handkerchief, and at last cracked a jest with an orange-wench to attract her eye, she persisted in her confounded ogle, till Mrs. Robinson came upon the stage to my relief. I now sat down sufficiently mortified ; and determined, at the end of the opera, to make my submission in the most humble manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on a sneaking penitential look ; but, to my unspeakable confusion, found her back turned upon me.

I had now nothing left for it but to

make amends for all by handing her to her chair. I bustled through the crowd, and got to her box-door as soon as possible, when, to my utter confusion, the young puppy, I have been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not have started back with greater precipitation if I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took no notice of me ; but turning aside her head, said something to her dog of a gentleman-usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I could not sleep all night for it, and the next morning writ the following letter to her.

MADAM,

I Protest I meant nothing by what passed last night, and beg you will put the most candid interpretation upon my looks and actions ; for however my eyes may wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the entire possession of my heart. I am, Madam, with a passion that is not to be expressed either by looks, words, or actions, your most unalikeable, and most humble servant,

TOM WHIFFLE.

And now, Sir, what do you think was her answer? Why, to give you a true notion of her, and that you may guess at all her curried tricks by this one—Here it is.

MR. WHIFFLE,

I Am very much surprized to hear you talk of any thing that passed between us last night, when, to the best of my remembrance, I have not seen you these three days. Your servant,

L. T.

Nº VIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

LINQUENDA TELLUS ET DOMUS ET PLACENS UXOR.

HOR.

IN the calculation of a man's happiness in life, there is no one circumstance which ought more carefully to be considered, than the object of one's love. As that will certainly take full possession of the heart, except it be resisted in time, it is the utmost madness to let your affections fix where you cannot expect the approbation of your reason. If a man does not take this precaution, his days

will pass away with frivolous pleasures and solid vexations ; his own reflections only must soften his misfortunes and afflictions ; but he can have no recourse, no help from his cooler thoughts, who dare not admit his reason into his council. We cannot look back upon the pleasures which flow from loose desire, but with remorse and contrition, and therefore the mind cannot recur to them

them on occasions of distress, to borrow comfort; but honourable love, though it has all the softness and tenderness which imagination can form, can be admitted under the severest affliction, and is the best instrument to break the force; but as it breaks the force of sorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing it's affliction, but rather by diversifying it. He that is under any great calamity, loses the sense of it, as it touches himself; and his affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the terrors of fear and shame, is, by the neglect of his own part in the affair, turned only into pity and compassion for a tender wife who participates it. This kind of concern carries an antidote to it's poison; and the merit of her regard to him has something in it so pleasing, that the soul feels a secret consolation in the happiness of being possessed of such a companion, at the same time that he thinks her participation is the greatest article of his distress. In all ages men who have differed from the sentiments of the world, when they have been precipitated by fury and party, and been sacrificed to the rage of their enemies, have, in trials of this sort, sunk under their distresses, or behaved themselves decently in them, according to the support which they have met with from the domestic partners of their affliction. This is an opportunity to vent the secret pangs of heart to one whose love makes nothing ungrateful; or, to utter the sense of injuries, where that appears conscious virtue, which to any other audience would sound like pride and arrogance.

There are indeed very tender things to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which express the utmost tenderness in an amorous commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter; but the reader must be let into the circumstance of the matter to have a right sense of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies proceedings with a spirit wor-

thy his innocence; and the night before his death, his lady writ to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows.

MRS. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER
TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR HEART,

MY sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to life again; and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a martyr. Oh, my dear! you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I will sacrifice the prayers of a Christian, and the groans of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not, (which sure by sympathy I shall know) I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turn'd out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge! I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *devoir*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer: may your faith be so strengthened, that your constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in short time (I hope) translate, my dear, your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

MAY 3d, 1655, 11 AT NIGHT.

Your children beg your blessing and present their duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any thing so affectionate as that line—
'Those dear embraces which yet I feel.'
Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness,

tenderneſs, which I ſhall recite alſo, that the town may diſpute whether the man or the woman expreſſed themſelves the more kindly, and ſtrive to imitate them in leſs circumſtances of diſtreſs; for from all, no couple upon earth are exempt.

MR. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER
TO HIS LADY.

DEAREST, BEST OF CREATURES!

I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recal my fondneſs for life, and enable me to reſign it. As I am ſure I ſhall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my reſolution to part from you; ſo, when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but ſuch as you, I recover my courage. But fondneſs breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your

husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public ſpectacle; do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I ſee my ſand run ſo faſt, and I within a few hours am to leave you helpleſs, and expoſed to the mercileſs and intolerant, that have wrongfully put me to a ſhameleſs death, and will object that ſhame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodneſs to me; and will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually ſupported each other, and for which I deſire you not to repine that I am firſt to be rewarded: ſince you ever preferred me to yourſelf in all other things, afford me, with chearfulneſs, the precedence in this.

I deſire your prayers in the article of death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

Nº IX. TUESDAY, MARCH 16.

QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDE!

HOR.

UPON my opening the Lover's Box this morning, I found nothing in it but the following letter, made up very nicely, and ſealed with a little Cupid holding a flaming heart in each hand, and circumscribed, *Love unites us*. I find, by the contents of this letter, that my correſpondent will ſoon change his device, and perhaps make the figure of Hymen perform that part which, at preſent, he has aſſigned to Cupid.

SIR,

AS you are a man of experience in the world, I beg your advice in a matter of great importance to me. I have, for ſome time, been engaged in cloſe friendſhip with a fine woman: your knowledge of mankind will eaſily inform you of the purport of that phraſe. In ſhort, I have lived with her, as with a *ſhe-friend*, in the utmoſt propriety of that term: but, at preſent, I am under a very great embarraſs; for having run out moſt of my fortune in the courſe of my converſation with her, I find myſelf neceſſitated to go into a new way of life, and by that means to make myſelf whole again. A favour-

able opportunity preſents itſelf: a rich widow (the common refuge of us idle fellows) has ſpoke kindly of me, and I have reaſon to believe will very ſhortly put me in poſſeſſion of her perſon and jointure. Tell me, dear Mr. Myrtle, how I ſhall communicate this affair to the poor creature whom I am going to forſake. If I know her temper, ſhe loves me ſo well, that ſhe would rather ſee me beggared and undone, than in a ſtate of wealth and eaſe with another woman. She will call my endeavours to make myſelf happy, being falſe to her. Nay, I don't know but ſhe may be fool enough to make away with herſelf; for the laſt time I talked to her, and mentioned this affair at a diſtance, ſhe ſeemed to ſhew a curſed hankering after purling ſtreams. Let me conjure thee, old Marmaduke, if thou wilt not give me ſome advice, to give ſome to this poor woman; make her ſenſible that a man does not take a miſtreſs for better for worſe, and that there is ſome difference between a lover and a husband. But you know better than I can tell you, what to ſay upon ſo nice a ſubject. I am your moſt humble ſervant,

W. T.
There

There is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of wit which betrays a hardness of heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when it is practised with mirth and wantonness. If I may make so free with my correspondent, he seems to be a man of this unlucky turn. I shall not fall into the same fault which I condemn in him; but, that I may be serious on such an occasion, will desire my readers to consider thoroughly the evils which they are heaping up to themselves, when they engage in a criminal amour. If they die in it, they know very well what must be the dreadful consequence. If either of them break loose from the other, the melancholy and vexation that are produced on such occasions, are too dear a payment for those pleasures which preceded, and are past, as though they had never been.

The woman is generally the greatest sufferer in cases of this nature; for by the long observations I have made on both sexes, I have established this as a maxim, that *women dissemble their passions better than men, but that men subdue their passions better than women.*

I have heard a story to my present purpose, which has very much affected me. The gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an eye-witness of several parts of it.

‘About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerably family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her, with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting, was a grove, which stands at a little distance

from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover to the heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father’s house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends should obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold, more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place; where, after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.’

My reader may draw, without my assistance, a suitable moral out of so tragical a story.



E. F. R. del.

H. W. sculp.

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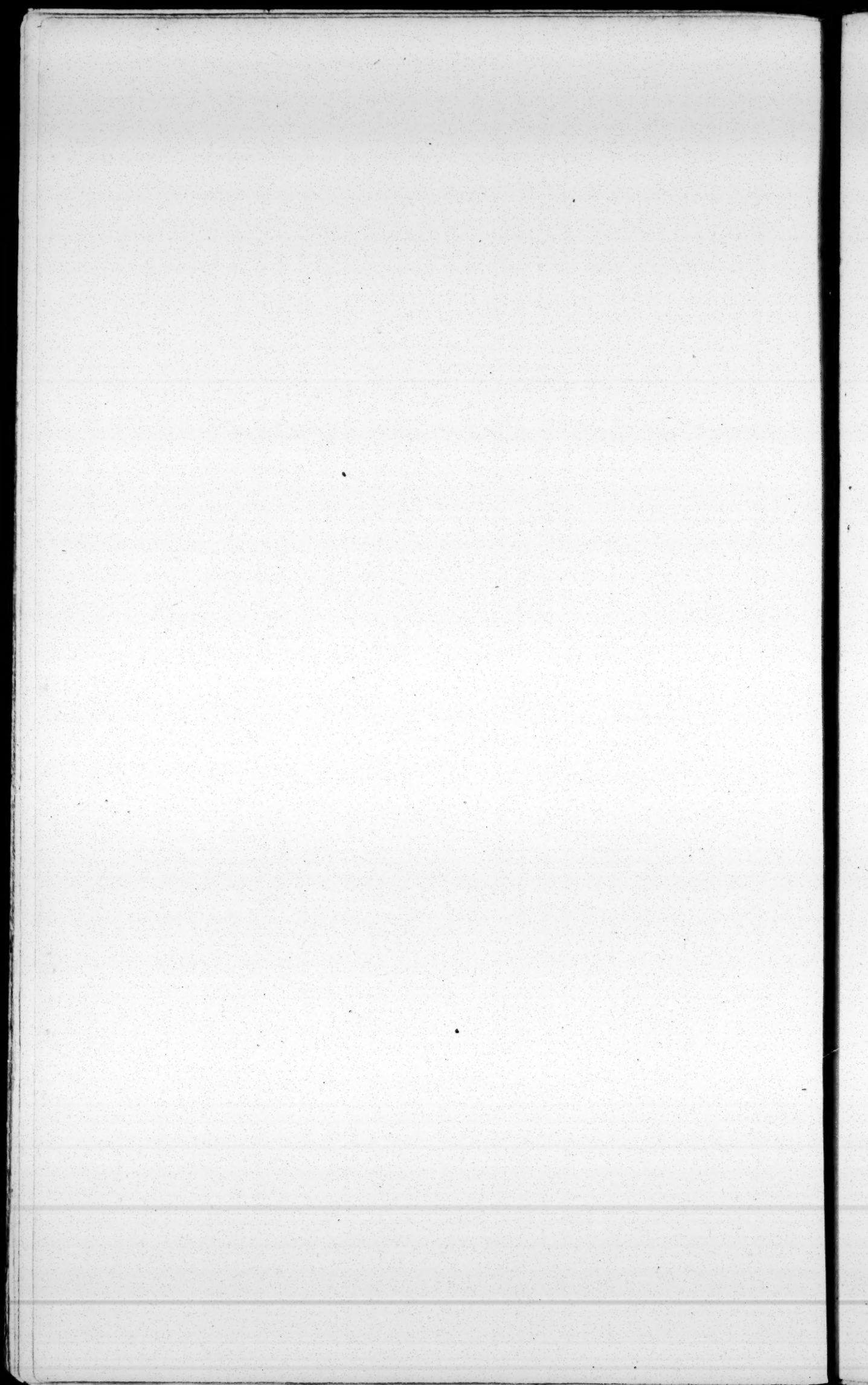
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My reader may draw, without my assistance, a suitable moral out of so tragical a story.



C. R. Bury del.

Heath sculp.



N^o X. THURSDAY, MARCH 18.

—MAGIS ILLA PLACENT QUÆ PLURIS EMUNTUR.

I Have lately been very much teased with the thought of Mr. Ann Page, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. Anne was in a particular manner very fond of China ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a China dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and China. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are play-things for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian mandarin, as her great granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloaths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend Tradewell, in the city, calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with China, his wife's wardrobe. 'In yonder corner,' says he, 'are above twenty suits of cloaths, and on that scrutoire above an hundred yards of fur-belowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night gowns, stays, and mantuas, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is,' says he, 'a suit of cloaths is not suffered to last half it's time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of China, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife.'

There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for China, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants wages in China fragments, which their carelessness has produced. 'If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider,' says Epictetus, 'that it is a piece of earthen ware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not, therefore, so void of reason, as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass.' In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a China cup. I shall farther recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars. First, that all China ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, That the fashion of it is changeable. And, Thirdly, That it is of no use. And first of the First. The fragility of China is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set it's heart upon; though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with Seneca on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from it's brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason, I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But, as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable; which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of China may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable; which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few China vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many, at present, which are capable of holding half a hog'shead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape and size.

But, in the last place, China ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of China? The furniture of a

lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses, and herds of cattle, in this fine sort of porcelain; not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture: but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in services of the family; besides, that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

N^o XI. SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

MÆCENAS ATAVIS EDITE REGIUS.

BENTLEY'S HORACE.

THE following epistle is written to me from the parish of Gotham, in Herefordshire, from one who had credentials from me to be received as an humble servant to a young lady of the family which he mentions. Because it may be an instruction to all who court great alliances, I shall insert it word for word as it came to my hands.

SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

ACCORDING to your persuasion, I came down here into the country, with a design to ingraft myself into the family to which you recommended me; but I wish you had thought a little more of it, before you gave me that advice; for a man is not always made happy by having settled himself in a powerful house; for riches and honour are ornamental to the possessors of them, only when those possessors have such arts or endowments which would render them conspicuous without them: but these creatures to whom you advised me to be allied, are such, whose interest it is to court privacy, and are made up of so many defects, that they could not better recommend themselves to the world, or consult their own interest, than by hiding; but they are so little inclined to such a prudent behaviour, that they seem to think

that their appearance, upon all occasions, cannot chuse but be advantageous to them; and yet, such is the force of Nature in biasing all it's instruments to the uses for which she had made them most fit, that they are ever undertaking what would make the most beautiful of the human race appear as ugly as themselves. Thus they take upon them to manage all things in this country; and if any man is to be accused, arrested, or disgraced, one of those hideous creatures has certainly a hand in it. By these methods and arts they govern those who condemn them, and are perpetually followed by crowds who hate them; at the same time there is I know not what excessively comic and diverting, to behold these very odd fellows in their magnificencies.

You must know, they set up extremely for genealogies, old codes, and mystic writings, and knowing abundance of what was never worth knowing in the several ages in which it was acted; but there is constantly, in all they pretend to, some circumstances which secretly tends to raise the honour and antiquity of their family. Thus they are not contented, as all we the rest of the world are, to become more antient every day than other as time passes on, but they grow

grow old backwards; and every now-and-then they make some new purchase of musty rolls and papers, which they tell you acquaints them with some new matter concerning their further antiquity. I met here, to my great surprise, Abednego the Jew, who used to transfer stock for me at Change Alley. I was going to salute him, but he tipped me the wink, and taking me apart at a proper opportunity, desired me not to discover him: 'For,' says he, laughing, 'I am come down here as a cheat.' He explained himself further, That his way was to get some paper that was mouldy, dusty, or moth-eaten, and write upon it Hebrew characters, which he sold to Sir Anthony Crabtree's library. You must know, there is nothing so monstrous but they can make pass upon the people; so terrible are the Crabtrees in this country. The last piece of antiquity which they produced, was a letter written in Noah's own hand, to their ancestor, and found upon a mountain in Wales, (which, by the way, is said by them to be the oldest and highest mountain in the world) directed to their ancestor Sir Robert Crabtree, an Antediluvian knight. This, Sir, passes very currently here, and is well received; because all allow there have been no faces like theirs in any other family since the Flood.

It would be endless to give you a distinct account of these worthies in one letter, but I will go as far as I can in it. I was, when I declared my love, appointed an hour in their great hall, where were assembled all their relations and tenants; but instead of receiving me with civility, as one who desired to be of their family, as they know not how to shew power and greatness, but by doing things terrible and disagreeable. Mr. Peter Brickduff stands up before all the company, and enters into a downright invective against me to shew that I was not fit to be entertained among them. They call him here at Gotham, and in all these parts, the *Accuser*, because it is his natural propensity to think the worst of every man. Though the Implement has a very great estate, the poverty of his soul is such, that he will do any thing for a further penny. He condescends to audit part of the rents of Sir Anthony's estate; and, though born to a better fortune than the knight himself, is his utter slave. His business about him is to find out somebody or other for him, from time to time, on whom to exercise

his great power and interest. Peter has the very look of a wicked one of low practice. Peter is made for a lurcher; and, as being a creature of prey, he rises to the object he aims at, as if he were going to spring at some game; but he flinks, as you may have seen a cur at once exert and check his little anger when he sees a strange mastiff. Naturalists say all men have something in their aspect of other animals, which resemble them in constitution. Peter's countenance discovers him a creature of small prey; it is a mixture of the face of a cat, and that of an owl. He has the spiteful eagerness of the former, blended with the stupid gravity of the latter. He stood behind a post all the while he was talking, and groped it as if he were feeling for hobnails. All that he said was so extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged with a mien so suitable to the falsehood and folly of it, that I was rather diverted than offended at Brickduff. When from another quarter of the hall, placed just under a gallery, there stood up the knight's brother. It is impossible to express the particularity of this gentleman. His mien is like that of a broken tradesman the first day he wears a sword: his aspect was sad, but rather the face of a man incapable of mirth, than under any sorrow; and yet he does not look dull neither, but attentive to both worlds at once, and has in his brow both the usurer and the saint. I observed great respect paid to him; but methought some leavings of conscience made him look somewhat abashed at the great civilities which were paid him. He roundly asserted I was not worth a groat, and indeed made it out in a moment; for by some trick or other, he had got in his custody all the writings which make out the title to my estate.

What made this whole matter the more extravagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd droning loudness in the brother's voice, which made a large Irish greyhound open at every pause he made. That great surly creature, made so docile and servile, was to me matter of much entertainment and curiosity. The knight's brother, I assure you, spoke with a good steady impudence; and having been long inured to talk what he does not mean, he looks as if he meant what he said.

The pleasantry of this excellent farce is, that all these fellows were bred Presbyterians, and are now set up for High-

churchmen. They carry it admirably well; and the partizans do not distinguish that there is a difference between those who are of neither side, from generous principles, and those who are disinterested only from having no principles at all. The knight himself was not in the country, but is expected every day; they say he is a precious one; they make me expect he will treat me after another way. His manner is very drole: he is very affable, and yet keeps you at a distance; for he talks to every body, but will let nobody understand him. Here is a gentleman in the country, a good intelligent companion, that gives me a very pleasant idea of him: he says he has seen him go through his great hall full of company,

and whisper every man as he passed along; when they have all had the whisper, they have held up their heads in a silly amazement, like geese when they are drinking. But perhaps more of this another time. You would marry me into this goodly house! I thank you for nothing, dear Sir; and am your humble servant for That.

P. S. Here is a story here, that Mr. What-d'ye-call laughs at all they pretend to do against him, and is prepared for the worst that can happen. To inure himself to be a public spectacle, they say, he rid an hour and an half, at noon day, on Wednesday last, behind Charles the First, at Charing Cross.

N^o XII. TUESDAY, MARCH 23.

WHEN LOVE'S WELL TIM'D, 'TIS NOT A FAULT TO LOVE;
THE STRONG, THE BRAVE, THE VIRTUOUS, AND THE WISE,
SINK IN THE SOFT CAPTIVITY TOGETHER.

PORTIUS IN CATO.

THE following letter, written in the finest Italian female hand, as beautiful as a picture or draught of a letter, rather than the work of a pen, in the finest small gilt paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable odours, which very suddenly seize the brains of those who have ever been sick in love. There is no necessity, on such an occasion as this, that the epistle should be filled with sprightly expressions. The fold of the letter, the care in sealing it, and the device on the seal, are the great points in favours of this kind from the fair; for when it is a condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the hand, my poor fond head would needs persuade itself that it came from Mrs. Page; but I read, and found it was the acknowledgment of an obligation I have not merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any. The letter is thus.

MR. MYRTLE, MARCH 19, 1714.

SINCE you have taken upon yourself the province of Love, all transactions relating to that passion most properly belong to your paper. I beg the favour of you to insert this my epistle in your very next, in order to give the earliest notice possible of my

having received very great favour and honour done to me, by some one to whom I am more obliged than it can ever be in my power to return. I beg therefore that you will insert the following Advertisement, and you will oblige (though unknown) your servant, and great admirer,

A. B.

‘ A CERTAIN Present, with a letter, from an unknown hand, hath been very safely delivered to the party to whom directed.’

It is the nicest part of commerce in the world, that of doing and receiving benefits. Benefits are ever to be considered rather by their quality than quantity; and there are so many thousand circumstances with respect to time, person, and place, which heighten and allay the value, that even in ordinary life it is almost an impossibility to lay down rules on this subject; because it alters in every individual case that can happen; and there is something arises in it, which is so inexplicable, that none but the persons concerned can judge of them, and those, as well as all other persons, are incapable of giving judgment in their own case. All these circumstances are still more intricate in that part of life which is naturally above the

the rules of any laws, and must flow from the very soul to be of any regard at all; and are more exquisitely valuable and considerable, as they proceed more from affection, without any manner of respect to the intrinsic worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of ribband or a jewel. The Lover in the comedy is not, methinks, absurd, where he prates of his rules and observations on this subject.

'You must entertain women high, and bribe all about them. They talk of Ovid and his Art of Loving. Be liberal and you outdo his precepts. The art of love, Sir, is the art of giving. Be free to women, they'll be free to you. Not every open-handed fellow hits it neither. Some give up lap-fulls, and yet never oblige. The manner you know, of doing a thing, is more than the thing itself. Some drop a jewel, which had been refused if bluntly offered.

'Some lose at play what they design a present.

'The skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents a mistress as he'd give an alms.'

I intend all this upon the passion of love within the strictest rules; but benefits and injuries cannot touch to the quick, till the passion is arrived to such a height as to be mutual. Before that, all presents and services are only the offerings of a slave to a tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from affection, and that all your talents are employed in subserviency to that affection. The skill and address which is used on these occasions in conveying presents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reason much more regarded than the presents or actions themselves. I knew a gentleman who affected making good company cheerful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular obligations upon several ladies by the same action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: another, that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure, had she not, nobody else would have been there that evening.

He would whisper a third, who was brought thither by a relation; and, without being named—'And did your cousin believe she introduced you hither?' 'There is a gentleman yonder said, she came with you, and not you with her.' By this wily way, he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine gentleman; that was so genteely said, and t'other thing so prettily contrived, that who but Charles Myrtle with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flourishing years the stage had a particular liveliness owing to this passion, but too often to this passion abused and misrepresented. Otway, who wrote then, exposed, in his play of Venice Preserved, the bounty of a silly disagreeable old sinner, who at that time was a great pretender to politics, in which he was the most ungainly creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than Antonio (for so he calls him) a politician, except Antonio a lover. This grim puzzled leech is thus treated by his Aquilina, whom he keeps and visits. In one of those lovely moments she says to him, 'I hate you, detest you, loath you; I am weary of you, I am sick of you. Crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, you love to be meddling with every thing; and, if you had not money you are good for nothing.' This imperious wench of this fribbling politician was in the interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his country: she rates him in behalf of Pierre, who is her favourite, and is then plotting the destruction of Venice—'Where's my Lord, my Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero!' This contemptible image represents in a very lively manner, how offensive every endeavour to please is in the man who is in himself disagreeable. Poor Antonio, to satisfy an amorous itch, must not only maintain his wench, but support every ruffian in her favour that is an enemy to his country; which will for ever be the fate of those who attempt to be what nature never designed them, wits, politicians, and lovers.

But I will break off this discourse to oblige a neighbour, who writes me the following letter.

GOOD MR. MYRTLE,

AS I am your near neighbour, within two doors of the Lover's Lodge, and within the sound of your melodious bass-viol,

viol, I cannot better express my gratitude for that favour you do my ears, than by inviting you to divert your eyes in my large gallery, which is now garnished, from top to bottom, with the finest paintings Italy has ever produced. I dare promise myself you will find such variety, and such beautiful objects, of both history and landscape, profane and sacred, that it will not only be sufficient to please and recreate the sight, but also to yield satisfaction and pleasure to your mind, and instructive enough to inform and improve every body's else. When you have well viewed and considered the whole collection, then I

am to leave it to you, whether you will not think it may be of use to the readers of your Lover, (which I understand is to come out to-morrow, very luckily for me the day before my sale begins) to recommend the viewing of my collection to them, as a very agreeable and instructive amusement to all persons in love. But this, and every thing else that may concern me or my collection, I leave to Mr. Myrtle's judgment, and known readiness to serve mankind in their particular stations of life. I am, Sir, your most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

JAMES GRAME.

N° XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25.

MULTI DE MAGNIS, PER SOMNUM, REBUS LOQUUNTUR.

LUCR.

THE strong propensity that, from my youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable singularities, which the insensible part of mankind are apt to turn into ridicule. The astonishing accounts of sympathy, fascination, errantry, and enchantments, are thereby become so familiar to me, that my conversation, upon those subjects, hath made several good people believe me to be no better than I should be. My behaviour hath heretofore been suitable to my opinions. I have lost great advantages by waiting for lucky days, and have been locked upon severely by fair eyes, while I expected the benign aspect of my stars. Many a time have I missed a ball, for the pleasure of walking by a purling stream; and chose to wander in unfrequented solitudes, when I might have been a king at *questions and commands*. It is well known what a prospect I had of rising by the law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my study with poems and romances, than with dull records, and mutable acts of parliament. I intend at some convenient season, to communicate to the public a catalogue of my books; and shall, every now and then, oblige the world with extracts out of those manuscripts, which love and leisure have drawn from my pen. I have a romance, in seven neat folios, almost finished; besides novels, ditties, and madrigals, innumerable. The follow-

ing story is collected out of writers in so learned a language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth year; upon my leaving the university, and is adapted to the taste of those who are far gone in romance; not to mention the several morals that may be draw from it. I have thought fit to call it—

THE DREAMS OF ENDYMION.

THE night was far advanced, and sleep had sealed the eyes of the most watchful lovers, when on a sudden, a confused sound of trumpets, cymbals, and clarions, made all the inhabitants of Heraclea start from their beds in terror and amazement. An eclipse of the moon was the occasion of this uproar; and a mixed multitude of all ages and conditions ran directly to the top of Mount Latmos with their instruments of music, to assist the fair planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her sphere by the power of magical incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former beauty, they returned home with joy and triumph, to take that benefit of repose which they thought their piety deserved. Only Cleander, the amorous Cleander, gave himself up to his musings, and wandering through the trees that clothe Mount Latmos, insensibly



C. F. Rumsey del.

Andrew Smith sculp.

sensibly reached the summit of the mountain. He was feeding his eyes with the fine landscape that was spread before him, when he heard a languishing voice utter these words, intermixed with sighs: 'Cruel goddess! why wilt thou make me wretched by the remembrance of my happiness!'—'Ye powers!' said Cleander to himself, 'is not that the voice of Endymion?' He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither the voice directed him, and saw to his inexpressible astonishment the following spectacle. This strange object was a man stretched at length on a declivity of the mountain, with his arms across his breast, and his eyes levelled at the moon. 'Thou fair regent of the Moon,' said he, 'after the enjoyment of a goddess, why wilt thou degrade thy lover, and throw him back to Mount Latmos and mortality? Ah! inconstant, thou thinkest no more of Endymion.'—'Tis he! 'tis he!' cried Cleander; 'tis Endymion, or the ghost of my friend!' With these words he ran to him, and caught him in his arms with the warmest expressions of transport. If Cleander was overjoyed, Endymion was no less; and their endearments had lasted a long time, if Cleander's curiosity had not spurred him to learn the cause of Endymion's long absence from Heraclea, his adventures, and the reason of his odd complaints. After repeated intreaties, Endymion delivered himself in the following manner.

'You may remember, that my frequent contemplation of the heavens had gained me the reputation of a great astronomer among the sages of Heraclea. But had there not been more powerful motives, I had not, for thirst of knowledge, abandoned the good-natured ladies of our city, with so much youth and vigour about me. You must know, that I had so often dreamt that Diana looked kindly on me, that I went to her temple at Ephesus to learn the will of the goddess. I was surprised to find her famous statue there entirely to resemble the lovely image that had a thousand times smiled on me in my visions. The succeeding night I bribed the priestess with a considerable sum, to let me pass the time within the temple. After I had said whatever a violent passion could inspire, I fell in a trance before the shrine that encom-

passed her statue, and, to my inexpressible joy, saw the goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a smile, whatever I desired. "Bright goddess," said I, "were I to have my wish, I would beg that the pleasure I now enjoy might be eternal. But since that is too much, give me, I pray thee, a seat among the stars that may place me ever in thy view, and nearest to thy chariot. Or, if the number of the stars be compleat, and the Destinies deny me this; grant me, at least, to be wholly thine upon earth; and disdain not the present that I make thee of myself."—"Whether in heaven or in earth," answered the goddess, "I will lose no opportunity to gratify thee." Scarce had she uttered these words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the sound of her quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my vision the next morning to Evadne the priestess, who expressed great joy at my success, and having sprinkled me with water from the sacred fountain, and spoken mysterious words, dismissed me with a phial of powerful juices, and instructions how to use it. According to her commands, I repaired to this mountain, where having drank off the enchanted draught, I lay stretched upon the ground, and fixed my eyes with delight on the moon. Suddenly, methought, the heavens were cleft, and an ivory chariot, drawn by horses or dragons, took me up, and whirled me over cities, rivers, forests, and oceans, in a moment of time. I was at length set down in the middle of a wood, where the face of nature was more delicious than the imagination of poets or painters has yet described. I had not walked long, before I heard the voices of women; and at my drawing near I perceived Diana in the midst of her nymphs. The beautiful virgins were placed round her, under the shadow of trees; some of them lay stretched on the grass; others were viewing themselves in the streams: here was one sharpening the point of an arrow; there another was stroking a hound. Their horns were hung upon the boughs, and their bows and quivers were carelessly scattered upon the ground. The queen herself was less distinguished by her golden bow and silver



J. B. Bury del.

J. B. Bury sculp.

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' silver crescent, than by that beauty
 ' which had long held me captive. I
 ' rustled a little too eagerly through the
 ' boughs where I had concealed myself,
 ' when a nymph that stood near her,
 ' casting a look towards me, cried out—
 " A man! a man!" At that word one
 ' of the oldest of the virgins bent her
 ' bow at me, and had shot me through
 ' the heart, if Diana had not seasonably
 ' interposed. " Hold!" cried the goddess,
 ' " if he must die, let him die by
 ' my hand. Give me," continued she,
 ' " the bundle of arrows that Cupid presented
 ' me with the other day, when
 ' we hunted in the Idalian grove." A
 ' pretty young nymph having put them
 ' in her hands, she threw arrow after
 ' arrow at me, till I had received a hundred
 ' wounds, which conveyed such a
 ' subtle poison into my blood, that I lost
 ' my sight, staggered, and fell down
 ' dead. I had not lain long in that condition,
 ' when, to my great amazement,
 ' I found myself in the arms of Diana,
 ' dressed after the manner of her nymphs;
 ' and I saw the light and her eyes at
 ' the same time. I found, after that,
 ' she had used that seeming cruelty to
 ' conceal our loves; and thenceforward
 ' I passed for one of her sex, and was
 ' looked upon as the favourite nymph
 ' of her train. My days were spent in
 ' those sports which she takes pleasure
 ' in. How often have we ranged the
 ' deserts of Hyrcania! How agreeably
 ' have we wandered on the banks of
 ' Peneus, or Eurotas! How many lions
 ' have we coursed in Getulia! How
 ' have we panted after the swiftest deer
 ' in Crete, and pursued the tigers of
 ' Armenia! But our nights—To what
 ' a pitch of glory and happiness was I
 ' raised! How much happier yet were
 ' my lot, if the mouth that tasted were
 ' allowed to reveal my joys! But, oh,
 ' Cleander! what shall we think of the
 ' other sex, when I shall have assured
 ' thee, that goddesses themselves are
 ' inconstant! It is in the nature of females
 ' to be suddenly hurried from one
 ' extreme to another. Love or hate
 ' wholly possesses them; they have no
 ' third passion. What they will, they
 ' will absolutely, and demand unlimited
 ' obedience. They are ever prepared to
 ' shew how little they can value their
 ' lovers, and sacrifice what was once
 ' held dear to their ambition and thirst
 ' of dominion. When they cease to

' love, they endeavour to persuade us,
 ' by coldness and slighting usage, that
 ' we never were beloved. But not being
 ' able to impose so far on our understanding,
 ' and to give the lye to our senses,
 ' they endeavour to make us lose the memory,
 ' as they have lost the desire of possession.
 ' After so long a course of sighs,
 ' vows, fidelity, submission, and whatever
 ' lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy regions
 ' I have described, in the same manner
 ' that I went; and, not many hours since,
 ' found my body extended on this mountain,
 ' where the goddess descended with a veil
 ' over her face; but, upon hearing a noise of trumpets and clarions,
 ' left me without speaking, and fled to the moon
 ' in an instant. The assurance that I was abandoned,
 ' made me vent those complaints, which were
 ' still the more just, because, after the favour
 ' of a goddess, I shall loathe the faint beauties
 ' of Heraclea.'

Endymion had no sooner spoke these words,
 than he and his friend were surprised with a loud laugh from behind a bush
 that grew near them. Instantly started up three young women, who had
 dogged Cleander in his solitary walk, one of which was his mistress. They
 ran so fast to Heraclea, that he could not overtake them; and, before ten that
 morning, all the women of the town had a fling at Endymion. Though they
 secretly believed his amours to be real, they had the malice to ridicule them, as
 the visions of a distempered imagination. Nay, these giggling gipsies had credit
 enough to get the poor gentleman jested into a proverb; insomuch, that if a lover
 blabbs out the secret, the Heracleans call him a lunatic; they ask a pretty
 fellow that conceals his intrigues, if he hath *a mistress in the clouds?* and to boast
 of favours, is, with them, *to have the dreams of Endymion.*

I could dream on much longer, with great delight to myself at least, but that I am awakened by the following letter from a gentleman whom I have great reason to have a high respect for, having frequently been an eye-witness of his behaviour, both as to love and honour. I have seen him, as a lover, win by fair courtship at least fifty ladies; and as a soldier in open field, obtain compleat victories always over superior numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single valour.

SIR,

I Am to have a benefit play on Monday next; and the strefs of the story depending upon Love, I hope it will find room in your paper.

It is the Albion Queens, with the

Death of Mary Queen of Scotland: where that illustrious lover, the Duke of Norfolk, rather than he will deny his flame, gives up his life. Whenever I see you, I shall do you honour; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEORGE POWEL.

N^o XIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

ODERINT DUM METUANT.

MOTTO ON SIR ANTHONY CRABTREE'S COACH.

I Am to-day very busy, having a wedding suit for a gentleman, and the knots of the bride, offered to my consideration, and the wedding itself to be on Easter Tuesday; therefore the reader must be contented with this letter, all which I do not myself understand, for the entertainment of this day.

MR. MYRTLE,

READING the letter in your Lover of the 20th, from your friend, concerning the family of the Crabtrees, I was pleased at the non-reception of your friend into that ridiculous generation; in which family, as I am told, may be found an antique record in Hebrew, proving their original. Sir Anthony is cautious of shewing the manuscript; but his secretary, with whom I'm well acquainted, and whose knowledge is great in crabbed characters, does assure me it's writ in the profane ignorant style used by the fanatics before the Restoration, and seems to be formed out of the phrases of the Revelations, with many periods ending with the sight of the beast, and the image of the beast, and the like. I think your friend ought to be thankful for his deliverance: however, I can't say Sir Anthony was always for destroying every thing, having once saved (not his country, but) his house. The story is thus related by a servant then living in the family. It seems, in the time of Sir Ralph, father to this precious stick Anthony, there was in the family a man that had lived long, but wicked, under the cloak of religion; but at length was discovered to have defiled the house with a maid-servant who proved with child, which was an abomination to Sir Ralph, who turned both out of doors without paying them their wages, being considerable; and ordered the bed where-

in the crime had been committed, with the furniture of that room, to be burnt; which they were accordingly. The fellow thought, by marrying the woman, he might so far ingratiate himself into his master's favour as to get their wages; but Sir Ralph was too religious to allow that any thing could be due to the wicked. Upon which the fellow resolved, since he was to be a loser, his master should be no gainer; therefore sent a message to Sir Ralph, to let him know, if he would pay him, he had something of moment to impart to him, which might be for the good of him and his family. To this the old gentleman gave ear; and being ever apprehensive of some plot or other against him (in which Sir Anthony takes much after him) resolved to pay the fellow, and have him examined; and when the great secret came out, it was, that he and the maid had lain together upon every bed in the house, and every room. Upon which the whole house and furniture was condemned to be burnt on a certain day; but, the night before the execution, Sir Anthony came down to his father's, and, with a high hand saved house and goods. This is the plain well-known matter of fact; and this is the first house that I ever heard of to have been so near burning by the fire of Love. I can assure you the family is now grown much more polite; but having been bred in such strictness and formality during the time of good Sir Ralph, both Anthony and his brother Zachariah come into the wench's chamber with the same air they used to enter their congregations of saints. It is a hard thing to unlearn gestures of the body; and though Anthony has quite got over all the prejudices of his education, not only as to superstition, but as to religion also, he makes a very queer

E figure;

figure; and the persecuted sneak is still in his face, though he now sets up for a persecutor.

If the sour behaviour and hypocrisy, which the enemies to Dissenters accuse them of, was utterly forgotten, and which, by their freedom and more open communication with the rest of the world from the Toleration, is really at an end; I say, if all this were wholly out of the memory of man, all their rancour, spite, and obstinacy, might be revived among the Crabtrees. This particular, however, is to be more emphatically enlarged upon by those who shall write their history; which is, that they are impudent to a jest. They having as little respect for mankind as mankind has for them, they do not care how gross the thing is they attempt, so they can carry it. Sir Anthony wanting a cause, the last circuit, to keep up the face of his grandeur, and to make himself popular, spoke to Brickduft to accuse somebody for disrespect to an *illustrious family*. They could not find such a one; but Brickduft told him of a hawker who had books about him writ in favour of that house. Sir Anthony said, that would do as well, provided they could persuade people to pronounce the books were against that interest. Well, they got the poor hawker in amongst them at the county court, and, in spite of all that the gentlemen of greatest honour, quality, and estate, could say, the cry went against the pedlar. There were indeed a great many people of sense and fashion, who are carried away by the Crabtrees, solicited to call out, that the hawker should be turn-

ed out of the place, when they saw, from the appearance for him, they could carry it no further. But they could procure nobody to do even this, but a natural fool, who had made sport at a Winchester wedding, and is every where as much known for an idiot, as if he had his Moorish dancer's habit and bells on. Thus, between jest and earnest, they turned out the pedlar, for the very contrary of what the fellow had done. Sir Anthony says this was right, and still professes he is a friend to that family: 'For,' says that merry cunning fellow, 'if I can bring it to that pass, that nobody shall dare to speak for them without my leave, I shall easily manage that nobody dare to be against them.' This is, Mr. Myrtle, the logic of the Crabtrees. But I know not how to relate half the fine things I know of them; read Sancho Panza's Government in Barataria; get Hudibras by heart; cast your eye upon books of dreams, incantations, and witchcrafts; and it will give you some faint pictures of the exotic and comic designs of this unaccountable race, who are (according to their own different accounts of their parts and births) occasionally Syrians, Egyptians, Saxons, Arabians, and every thing but Welch, British, Scotch, Irish, or any thing that is for the interest of these dominions. As you are the patron of Love, I desire to know of you, whether after this faithful representation of things, you ought to lament that your friend has been rejected by the Crabtrees. Your most humble servant,

EPHRAIM CASTLESOAP.

Nº XV. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

CREDE MIHI, QUAMVIS CONTEMNAS MURMURA FAME,
HIC TIBI PALLORI, CYNTHIA, VERSUS ERIT.

PROPERT.

I Should be but a very ill guide to others in the ways of this town, if I continually kept in my Lodge: I do sometimes make excursions, and visit my neighbours, whose manners and characters cannot but be of great use to the youth of this kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in safety, if they will follow my advice. It is the business of a pilot to discover shoals, rocks, and quicksands, in order to land his passengers in safety. I shall take pains to hang out lights; but if those who sail after me

will rather chuse to be stranded (where I have given them a signal of danger) than follow my course, their shipwreck is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in town, among the ladies who have given up all other considerations to gratify themselves in one sort of delight, three eminent above the rest for their charms and vices. The first can only please novices; the second seeks only men of business, and such of them as are between fools and knaves; the

the third runs through the whole race of men, and has arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as desire enough to entertain them all. The ladies are professed courtezans, and live upon it.

The first I shall give an account of is Jenny Lipsy. All creatures of prey have their particular game, and never dream of any other. Jenny never aims at any but novices; and she makes her advances with so much skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first month of a town life. I sate by her, a week or two ago, at a play. There was seated just before her a pretty snug Academic, who, I observed, was destined for her entertainment that evening. There sate by her a coarse Hoyden in a black scarf, who seemed a servant maid stolen out with Jenny on this frolic to a play. Jenny, at every thing which passed in the play that had little sense in it, was delighted as not to contain herself from loud laughs: but particularly checked herself, with a well-acted romp-like confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young gentleman; her maid professing, in a lower voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind looks, however, passed between my young gentleman and one he conceived as unskilled in the town as himself. She begged his pardon two or three times for pressing upon him negligently; and hoped there was no offence, in such a tone and voice, and such a natural impertinence and want of judgment, as would have deceived any man in town but Roger Veterane, who suspects every thing. My young spark offered his service, at the end of the play, to see her out: Jenny said he was a stranger to her, though he looked like a civil body; but her maid interposed, and said—'If the gentleman will get us out of the crowd, there can be no harm,' since she would keep with her.

The second woman of consideration is that arful shy dame Madam Twilight. This lady has got a step or two in age, experience, and address, beyond Miss Jenny above-mentioned. She has been above these ten years known for what she is; but she has preserved such a decency in her manners, and has so little frolic in her temper, that every lover takes it she is as much pleased with him as he with her. Twilight, therefore, has passed her ten years libertinism in short

marriages, rather than different riots. The many gallants, whose reliet she is, treat her with civility and respect wherever they meet her; and every man flatters himself it is the necessity of her affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved nobody but him. Twilight, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a whisper, and retire very willingly with great reluctance, seldom discovering desire enough to overcome the confusion to which her compliance obliges her. But I must leave her character half drawn, and in the dress she often affects, a veil, to hasten to her, who gives me most disquiet of any of her sex, when I am endeavouring to save the free and innocent from the slavery to which she affects to reduce all mortals, especially those of merit.

This lady, who is the heroine of to-day's paper, as well acquainted with this town as the plains of Arcadia, dignified and distinguished among the loose wanderers of Love by the name of Clidamira Dustgown is mistress of the whole art of women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that could save himself from her but by flight. She can, as occasion serves, be tergament and haughty, if the follower is in his nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the conversation among raw youths who are proud of being admitted into her company, and will slip and grow so girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced rakes of the town, who are above hurting any thing but innocence. Clidamira is a female rake: the male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the innocent, and Climadira's passion is to deceive and bubble the knowing. To indulge this humour in herself, she has all the learning of a spark of the town; is deep in miscellany poems, plays, novels, and romances; has the copies of verses, scandals, and whispers, all the winter, which are brought forth in London and Westminster; all the summer, those produced at Epsom, Tunbridge, and the Bath. Her lewdness is as great, and her understanding greater, than that of any of her admirers: by the force of the latter she is as much courted, even by those who have had her, (as the phrase is) as the finest woman whose

charms are yet untasted; her skill is such that her practice in wickedness has not at all made her hypocrisy of innocence appear awkward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was to those who like what she was better than what she is, the most accomplished frolic, and dissolute of all wenches. What makes me have no patience with Madam Dust-gown, is, that she is now laying all her inares, and displaying all her charms, to withdraw my heart from Mrs. Page. But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a smile for that merit from my own incomparable fair-one.

Clidamira has at this time three different keepers; a rich citizen, whom she has orders, upon occasion, to write to in the style of a widow who wants his charity; a married man of quality, whom she is to address so, as that his lady who is as jealous as a statesman, and admires her lord for the finest gentleman in the world, might read it; her third is a gentleman learned in the laws, whom she writes to as his client, when she has a mind to raise small sums to support her lavish gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real passion, and sharing the hire of her prostitution. It was necessary last week her dear comrade should have a fine horse he had seen; she levied the price of him upon her slaves by the following method. She writes

TO HER CITY FRIEND.

SIR,

DID I not know what acts of charity your worship daily does, and that your good lady is as inclined to do good as yourself, I should not take this liberty to move your compassion to the widow and fatherless. If your worship's business should divert you from taking notice of this according to the direction here

under written, I shall presume to wait upon your lady myself. I am, &c.

The latter circumstance being a threat, immediately produced a largess above her ordinary salary.

The great skill is to write letters that may fall into any hands, even a wife's, and discover nothing. Her stile to my Lord was thus.

MY LORD,

IS it possible you can doat with so much constancy on the charms of a wife, to be blind to the thousand nameless things that I do and say before you, even in her presence, to reveal a passion too strong to be smothered?

My lady pouts ten days after the intercepting such a billet, misinterprets every look and sentence of every friend she has, and keeps my lord waking till he has dived into the matter, and fined for his quiet to Clidamira.

Her worthy Chamber-council is captivated at the prodigious wit of the creature, when she sends a bundle of old parchments from widow Lackitt, and has them lodged with his clerk with a couple of guineas, and underwrites she will give him his brief at her own lodgings. The busy creature, who is in joy when he is not actually taking pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the wit, cunning, and address, of deceiving that notable deep discernor his own clerk, that, for fear of appearing too dull for an hint himself cash is immediately conveyed to his client, as left with him from the person who is to lend the money upon the mortgage. Thus the fly thief shews, though he is a man of business, if he would give his mind to it, he could be as notable a gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her council is cheated in raptures.

Nº XVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 1.

—SOME GRAINS OF SENSE
STILL MIXT WITH VOLLIES OF IMPERTINENCE.

ROCHESTER'S POEMS.

THE writer of the following letter being a person, if you will believe his own story, the most impertinently crossed in love that ever any mortal was,

and allowing his letter to fit only for one day in the year, I have let him have his will, and made it the business of this.

MR.

MR. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ my last to you, wherein I gave you some account of the confounded usage which I met with from the mischievous and ridiculous race of the Crabtrees, I have made it my business to enquire into, and consider the arts and stratagems, by which a people so like in genius to the *Cercopithecæ*, should so long be suffered to impose upon many wise, brave, and learned gentlemen in this county. After much deliberation with myself, I am come to this resolution, That all their successes are owing to a certain graceless impudence in themselves, and an unmanly modesty in others. There is nothing but they will attempt from their want of deference to the rest of the world; and there is nothing but others seem ready to suffer from a too great sensibility of what the world will think of them. Among other the extraordinary circumstances by which this race is signalized I am most diverted with their superstition: they are, you must know, great observers of lucky and unlucky days; and Sir Anthony, whose great talent lies in making fools of mankind, chuses on the first of April to settle his schemes for the ensuing year; and yet, with all the hurry which he eternally appears in he is the laziest thief living. One of his propositions for management is to affect bustle, and avoid business: this, with several other wise maxims, is set down by his secretary to be entered upon the first of April next. The next to that, as I could gather it out of Mr. Secretary's Coptic characters, is, Never to look before hand, but do as well as you can in the present moment.

Sir Anthony has had great success in following this last position; but his noddle is so full, by being always extricating himself from some present difficulty, that he has not time to reflect, that though men will bear some hardships into which they are surprised, they may be roused by repeated injuries.

They tell me most incredible whimsies of him. Among the rest, that he shall take a book of humour and ridicule, and take upon him to draw out a scheme of politics hid under those seeming pleasantries. A notable money-scrivener has informed me, that his knighthood has conceived a mighty opinion of South Sea Stock, not from the national and solid security that is given

to support the interest thereof, but from the following memorable passage in the 94th page of a book called *A Tale of a Tub*. Most people agree that that piece was written for the advancement of religion only; but Sir Anthony, who sees more and less than any other man living, will have it to be a collection of politics; and the paragraph upon which he grounds his conception of the fund above-mentioned, is as follows.

'The first undertaking of Lord Peter was to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in Terra Australis Incognita. This tract of land he bought a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again and again, and again and again with the same success.'

Mr. Myrtle, if you publish this ribaldry I now send you, be sure you chuse the day auspicious to the Crabtrees, to wit, the first of April, a day wherein, time out of mind, people have thought fit to divert themselves with passing upon their neighbours nonsense and imposition for wit and art. But to go on. In order to amass a vast sum of money, which he designs to place in the fund, the benefits of which are so mysteriously described in the above-mentioned political discourse, Sir Anthony has resolved to part with the most valuable manuscripts in his library, which are actually sent to town to be sold on the said first day of April, and catalogues given gratis to all the fellows of the Royal Society. The things which he expects most for, are as follows. *Fabor Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*; being the first scrawls made by the said Camolanthi with his own hand, before the invention of writing, wherein is to be seen the first B that ever was made.

The second curiosity is the very *white Wax* which John a Gant had in his hand when he made the famous conveyance by an overt act of biting, and the following words:

In witness that this is sooth,
I bite the white wax with my tooth.

The third is an *Egyptian Mummy*,
very

very fresh, and fit to be kept as a predecessor to any house which is so antient as to have lost the records of it's ancestry.

The fourth is *the first hallowed Slipper which was kissed in honour of St. Peter*, who is reported by heretics to have worn none at all himself, but to have gone a fishing barefoot. It would be endless to tell you all circumstances of these prodigious fellows, but Zachariah and Brickduft are gone post to London to vouch for these antiquities. Zachariah, Sir Anthony says, has a very good countenance to stand by the *Mummy* at the sale, as well as to vouch for the *white wax* in the conveyance. I don't know what they may do with you Londoners, but they have quite lost themselves at Gotham, and the twelve wise men are ashamed of them; upon which the Crabtrees say they will have twelve others, but this is supposed to be only a bounce; for the Gothamites begin to perceive, though too late, that the Crabtrees are not such cunning curs as they pretend; but are at the bottom fools, though they set up for the other character. I suppose you must have heard the story of the Book-man: falling upon that inconsiderable fellow has explained them more than any thing that ever happened; and Sir Anthony, by all intelligent people, was reckoned a Cudden for meddling with him; for, say they, there were a thousand ways of getting rid of him; and it was not worth doing it, whatever chastisement they might put him to, at the rate of exposing themselves and their affairs to the examination which that impotent vengeance brought upon them.

Thus the Crabtrees, who indeed never had sense, have now lost the appearance of it; and Sir Anthony, for these ten days last past, could not get any body to whisper him: when he offers it, the party attempted stands full before

him; and there you see poor Sir Anthony, in a need to whisper, jerking and writhing his noddle, and begging an audience of a starrer, who stands in the posture of a man stiff with amazement, that he had not found him out before. If you'll turn to the next page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next to the 94th, (which phrase I own I steal from Juvenal's *Volueris à prima quæ proxima*) you will find that Sir Anthony stole the manner of his Levy from Lord Peter's invention of erecting a *whispering office*, for the public good and ease—of all—*eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, barwds, privy counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons.*—*An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears.* The other parts of that paragraph are too coarse to be repeated. Sir Anthony is mightily afraid his dear relations will hardly get safe back again to him; and therefore, like the country fellow who said, It was pity there was not an act of parliament against all foreigners that should pretend to invade this land, he has given them a pass which he thinks will be of as much force all over England, as it would lately have been in this county, where he is a justice. There is one particular pleasant clause in it, wherein he requires all people, notwithstanding their looks, to let them pass for honest men.

Zachariah disputed carrying that clause, and said, he was sure nobody could take him for any other; but Sir Anthony over-ruled him, and, in his sneering way, said, It could do him no harm to have it about him. Which is all at present, from the most unfortunate of lovers,

RICARDETTO LANGUENTI.

N^o XVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

WHO TAUGHT THE PARROT HUMAN NOTES TO TRY,
OR WITH A VOICE ENDU'D THE CHATT'RING PIE?
'T WAS WITTY WANT, FIERCE HUNGER TO APPEASE:

WANT TAUGHT THEIR MASTERS, AND THEIR MASTERS THESE.

DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

MRS. Anne Page was smiling very graciously upon me, in a dream, between seven and eight yesterday morning, when three thundering knocks at my door drove the fair image from my fancy, as Diana was hurried to the moon by the cymbals and trumpets of Heraclea. My servant came up to me while I was curling the rude hand that had disturbed me, and delivered me a letter, which was given him, as he said, by a lusty fresh-coloured young man in an embroidered coat, who promised to call upon me, two days hence, at the same hour. The dread of such another noise made me break open the letter with some precipitation.

MR. MYRTLE,

MY story, in short, is this. My father kept me under, after I came from school, and snubbed me consumedly, till I was five and twenty; and then he died, and left me three thousand *per annum*. I came to London this winter, where I am to be married to a fine young lady, when I can get her in the mind. But, I don't know how, there is no pleasing of her. She hath made my heart ache so often, that I have resolved to follow somebody else; but she hath such a way with her eyes, that I cannot do without her. When I first came to town, I heard she should say, how that I was so *rough*! Upon which I shaved every day, and washed my hands once in half an hour, for a week together. Being informed, that she hoped I might be *polished* in time, I got a broad French beaver, and an embroidered coat, that cost me threescore pounds. I cannot, indeed, blame her for complaining that I have no *taste*, for I have lost my stomach; and I entirely agree with her that I want *air*, for I am almost choaked in this smoaky town. But this is not all. She hath given out, that she wishes I would travel; and she told me, no longer since than yesterday, that the man she married should make the *tour* of Italy.

Now, Sir, I would be at any expence, in building, to please her; but as for going into outlandish countries, I thank her for that. In short, she would have me out of the way: for, you must know, there is a little snipper-inapper from Oxford, that is mightily in her books. I don't know how it comes to pass, but, though he hath but a plain grey suit, he hath such a fawning way with him, that my mind misgives me plaguily. He hath words at his fingers ends; and I can say nothing, but he has some answer or another that puts me out; and yet he talks so, that one cannot be angry neither. He always reads your Lovers to her; and I hear her say often, that she should like such an ingenious man as Mr. Myrtle. Now, what I desire is your advice; for, as I told you before, I cannot do without her. I am a hearty fellow; and, believe me, if you do me any good, you shall have gloves, and dance at my wedding. Your humble servant to command.

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

It falls out very luckily, that I can recommend Mr. Gubbin to a person for his purpose, without further risking my own repose. The following letter, which I received a week ago, shall serve for an answer to his. And I further declare, that I constitute the author thereof my Esquire, according to the prayer of his petition. I have accordingly assigned him an apartment in the Lover's Lodge; and shall further encourage him, as I find his merits answerable to his pretensions.

LAUNCELOT BAYS TO MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

COURTEOUS KNIGHT,

AS you are a professor and patron of Love, I throw myself at your feet to beg a boon of you. When I have told you my story, you will confess that I am
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the most amorous and chaste of swains. I am, Sir, by profession, an author, and the scene of my labours is a garret. My genius leads me to love, and I have a gentle manner. When I have occasion for money, I fancy to myself a lady, and write such soft things, as you would bless yourself to hear. But living at present in the city, where such ware fetches but little, I shall, without your assistance, fall shortly into great poverty of imagination. Would you believe it, Sir? I have lived this month on a posy for a ring.

My request is, that I may be transplanted from this barren soil into Covent Garden. My greatest ambition is to be received in the quality of Esquire to so courteous a knight as you are; to carry your pen in this your gentle warfare, and do the squirely offices established in this order of chivalry. You may not, perhaps, find me unqualified to take some drudgeries off your hands, which you must otherwise undergo; and may possibly appoint me sub-tutor to the British savages, before they approach the fair. It is thought sufficient, that the taylor and dancing-master have managed an awkward body at his first coming to town: nay, upon the strength of a box of *fine Myrtle Barcelona*, a young fellow, now-a-days, sets up for love and gallantry. The ill success of such unformed cavaliers makes a person of my talents necessary in a civilized country. You know, the ladies will be attacked in form, before they listen to terms; and, though they do not absolutely insist upon hanging or drowning, they think it but decent that such attempts be made in rhyme and sonnet. I believe you will agree with me, that no woman of spirit thinks a man hath any respect for her, till he hath played the fool in her service; and the mean opinion that sex hath of a poet, makes any thing in metre, from a lover, an agreeable sacrifice to their vanity.

Now, since there are few heads turned both for dress and politeness, since witty sayings seldom break out from two rows of fine teeth, and true spelling is not often the work of a pretty hand; I propose, for the good of my country, to set up a toy-shop of written baubles, and poetical trinkets. The perfumes of flattery, the cordials of vows, the salts of wit, and the washes of panegyric, are ranged in due order, and placed in pro-

per receptacles to be retailed out at reasonable prices. Here the spark may be furnished with satirical lashes, when he has lost his clouded cane. Here he may purchase points, conceits, and repartees, as useful against an enemy as the nicest pushes his fencing-master can teach him. The most graceful bow he can learn, shall be still improved by a compliment I can put in his mouth; and, to say no more, his periwig shall by my means be the least valuable thing upon his shoulders.

No generous lover will repine at my good fortune, when he hears that I get a warm coat by that which gains him the embraces of a bride. While he feasts all his senses, I shall content myself with the luxury of some meat, and much drink. Thus an equal distribution will be made of worldly pleasures. As they become undoubtedly happy, I shall grow undoubtedly fat: hearts will be at rest, and duns be paid.

The following list of my wares I desire you to advertise; which will not fail, I hope, to bring customers, and may lay a foundation for the commerce of love in this trading island.

LOVE-LETTERS and Sonnets, by the quire, at five Guineas the Prose, and ten the Verse; with allowance to those that buy quantities.

A set of Rhymes, ready paired for any ordinary Amour; never used but twice.

The Art of Pleasing; or, Rules for Defamation; with a compleat Index.

An Apology for the Colour of a Lady's Hair; with a Word or two in defence of white Eye-lashes.

A Treatise for, and another against, growing Fat. Sharp Sayings against Faults which People cannot help; with Answers to each.

A Compliment for a Masque, and a Repartee for a Rival. Neither even spoken before.

An Invektive against embroidered Coats, for the Use of younger Brothers; to which is added, an Appendix concerning Fringed Gloves.

A List of the Heathen Goddesses, with the Colour of their Hair and Eyes; for the Assistance of young Gentlemen that were never at the University.

Double Entendres, and Feeling Language, collected from the Works of the

the most celebrated Poetesses of the Age.

Vows for young Virgins, to be sold by Number; and Flattery for Old Maids, by Weight.

Raptures, Transports, and Exclamations, at a Crown a Dozen.

Turtles, Fountains, Grottos, Forests, Roses, Tigresses, Rocks, and Nightingales, at common Prices.

N^o XVIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 6.

PARVA LEVES CAPIUNT ANIMOS.

OVID.

I Was the other night in the box of the gallery at Sir Courtly Nice, a comedy I never miss, for the sake of the knight himself, Hothead and Testimony, all parts in themselves very diverting, and excellently performed by the actors. Sir Courtly's character exposes, to an extravagance, those shallow creatures, whose imaginations are wholly taken up with form and outside, and labour only at an excellence in indifferent things. To utter the words, *Your humble servant*, and bow with a different air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole part in as pleasant a scene as any of the comedy. This puts me a musing upon the force of being able to act fashionably in ordinary occasions, and filling up their part of the room with a tolerable good air, while there is nothing passing which engages the attention of the assembly or company to any one other point. It is monstrous to observe how few amongst us are able to do it, till half their life is passed away, and then, at last, they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themselves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where so conspicuous as in an assembly of men of parts, when they are got together upon any great point; as at the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, or any other place where you have had an opportunity of seeing a good many English gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loss whether this proceeds from a too great respect for themselves, or too great deference to others; but it seems to be partly one, partly t'other. Whatever the cause is, I have often seen the effect to a very great degree of pleasantry. You shall, in the instant a man is going to speak, see him flunt himself, and not rise within three inches of his natural height, but lean on one side, as if taken with a sudden sciatica; and 'tis ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with shifting legs; and I have known it, when a

very ingenious gentleman has tried both his legs, almost to tripping himself up, and then caught at himself with his arms in the air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his speech stared out of his head by a set of ill-natured curs that rejoiced in his confusion, sat down in a silence not to be broken during his life. There is no man knows, till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himself is: he cannot be let into this till he has attempted to speak in public; when he first does it, in an instant, from sitting to standing up, the air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the Alps. You see him gasp, heave, and struggle, like an animal in an air pump, till he falls down into his seat; but enjoys his health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his tongue. If the intended orator stand upon the floor, I have seen him miscarry by taking only too large a step forward; and then, in the air of a beggar who is recommending himself with a lame leg, speak such bold truths, as have had an effect just equal to the assurance with which they were uttered. A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good grace, destroys your capacity of doing it at all; but if men would place their ambition first upon the virtue of the action, and attempt things only because it is their duty to attempt them, grace of action and becoming behaviour would naturally attend truth of heart and honesty of design: but when their imaginations are bent only upon recommending themselves, or imposing upon others, there is no wonder that they are seized with such awkward directions in the midst of their vanity or falsehood. I remember, when I was a young fellow, there was a young man of quality that became an accomplished orator in one day. The circumstance was this: A gentleman who had chastised a Russian for an insolence towards a kinswoman of his, was

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attacked

attacked with outrageous language in that assembly. When his friend's name was ill treated from man to man, this ingenious youth discovered the utmost pain to those that sat near him; and having more than once said, 'I am sure I could fight for him; why can't I speak for him?' at last stood up. The eyes of the whole company were upon him; and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous motive which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him such an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expressed himself with a magnanimity and clearness, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adversaries receive him as a man they wished their friend. I mention this circumstance to show, that the best way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only because you ought. This thing happened soon after the Restoration, and I remember a set of fellows, they called the new Converts, were the chief speakers. It is true, they always spoke against their conscience; but having been longer used to do so in public, (as all are gifted at their meetings) they excelled all other prostitutes in firm countenances and stiff bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their consciences seared, while those of others lay bleeding. But I am got into chat upon circumstances of a higher nature than those of ordinary life, compliment and ceremony. I was speaking of Sir Courty's *Your humble Servant, Madam.*

As for my part, I always approve rather those who make the most of a little understanding, and carry that as far as they can, than those who will not condescend to be perfect, if I may so speak, in the under parts of their character. Mrs. Page said very justly of me one day, (for you must know I am as mute as a fish in her presence) 'If Mr. Myrtle can't speak for love, and his mistress can't speak out of decency, their affair must end as it begun, only in dumb shew.' I have a cousin at the university who lately made me a visit; I know him to want no learning, wit, or sense, if he would please to dispense it to us by retail. He can make an oration or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in small parcels. He is come, indeed, to bear our raillying him upon

it, without being furly. I asked him, if he should talk with a man who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to understand him?—Small matters it is absolutely necessary to capacitate ourselves for; great occasions do not occur every moment. The Jew said very prettily, in defence of his frequent superstitious washings, and the like outward services, 'I do these because I have not always opportunities to manifest my devotion in acts of virtue.' I had abundance to do to make my cousin open his mouth at all. He and I, one evening, had sat together three hours without uttering a syllable. I was resolved to say nothing till he began the discourse; but finding the silence endless, I desired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza. We took two or three turns there in the dark, in utter silence; at last, said I to him, 'Cousin Tom, this taciturnity of thine, considering the sense I know thou hast in thee, is a vexation I can no longer endure with patience: we are now in the dark, and I can't see how you do it; but here, give me your hand, let me, while I hold you here, intreat you to exercise the use of your lips and tongue, and oblige me so far as to utter, with as much vehemence as you can, the word *Coach*.' My youth took my friendship as I intended it, and, as well as he could, in a laughing voice he cried, 'C-o-a-c-h!'—'Very well, cousin, says I, 'try if you can speak it at once; with which he began to cry, 'Coach! coach!' pulling himself out of my hand. 'No,' says I, 'cousin, you shall not go till you are perfect; with that he called loudly and distinctly, in so much that we had in an instant all the coaches from Will's and Tom's about the Portico or Little Piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themselves abused, since no one came to take coach; upon which, one cried out, 'What rascals are those in the Piazza?'—'You scoundrels,' said I, 'what are you good for but to keep your horses and selves in exercise? Would you stare and stand idle at coffee-house doors all night?' I went on with great fluency, in the language those chariotteers usually meet with; upon which they came down, armed with whips, and my cousin complaining his sword was borrowed of another college, and would not draw, wondered

wondered I would bring myself and him into such a scrape. He had not done speaking, before a whip-lash took him on the cheek; upon which my young gentleman snatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him as well as his tongue. I stood by him with all my might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my cousin might be carried before a justice, by way of exercise in different circumstances, rather

than go on the insipid, dull, useless thing, which an unmanly bashfulness had made him; but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly, and with as good an air, as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly adventure I have now related.

N^o XIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

—QUID DECEAT, NON VIDET ULLUS AMANS. OVID.

I Shall be mightily in arrear with my correspondents, if I do not, for some time, appoint one day in the week to take into consideration their epistles.

The first that falls into my hands, out of a bundle before me, is from an unhappy man who is fallen in love, but knows not with whom. Take his case from his own epistle.

MR. MYRTLE, APRIL 3, 1714.

I Am a young gentleman of a moderate fortune, have spent the greatest part of my time for these two or three years last past in what they call seeing the town; but am now resolved to marry, and forsake that unsettled kind of life. My thoughts are at present divided between two sisters; and as they are both amiable, I can't as yet determine which to make my address to, but must beg your advice in this critical posture of affairs. Lucinda has sense enough, is very handsome, and excellently well shaped; her eyes command respect from all who behold them: it is impossible to see and not adore her; she dances to the greatest perfection imaginable; and is, in short, every way so well accomplished, that her charms would be irresistible, had she not too great a mixture of pride, and did not self-admiration, in some measure, obscure the lustre of her beauty. Celia is not so handsome as her sister, yet is very pretty: when she talks, she captivates her hearers, yet seems wholly ignorant at the same time of her own charms; and when the eyes of the whole company are fixed on her, she, with all the innocence in the world, seems to wonder at their attention, and rather apprehends that some defect in her person or conversation, than any perfection in either, is the cause of

their earnest observance. When I am with Celia, her agreeable easy conversation and good-humour ravish my soul, and 'tis then I resolve with myself to fix my thoughts on her alone; but when Lucinda approaches, all my resolutions vanish, and I'm Celia's no longer. I have endeavoured to search into my own thoughts as nicely as possible, and have at last discovered that 'tis Lucinda I admire, but Celia I love. I would therefore beg your advice which I ought to chuse; her, that by the delicacy of her face and shape, and stateliness of her mien and air, enforces my adoration; or her, that by the agreeableness of her good-humour and conversation, engages my love. An answer to this will be very acceptable to your humble servant,

CHARLES DOUBT.

The circumstance of this gentleman puts me in mind of a paper of verses in Sir John Suckling, upon two sisters, whose beauties were so equal and so alike, that they distracted the choice and approbation of their beholders. While the eyes of their admirers were taken up in comparing their several beauties, their hearts were safe by being unresolved on which of the two to fix. That witty author on this occasion concludes,

He sure is happiest that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

My correspondent has not told me, that he has not easy access to both his young ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the expedient of seeing them both together, as an effectual method towards coming to a determination in this case, though it had the contrary effect in the case of the sisters reported

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by Suckling. If my correspondent has stated the matter right, Celia will gain ground of Lucinda; for beauty palls by intimate conversation, but good-humour and affability gain new strength the more frequently they discover themselves. I expect this correspondent, provided he goes into my method, should give me an account how he finds himself, that I may note it in my book of receipts.

The next gentleman, I find, is extremely high in his fever, for he starts from one thing to another in the present hurry of his spirits, and makes it impossible for me to give any regular judgment of his condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I must observe his future letters very attentively, before I can be able to prescribe any thing for his recovery. It is the nature of his disease, in the first place, that the patients think every man delighted with their ravings. The stile of the letter seems to me to be that which the learned in love distinguish by the Sublime Unintelligible; but take it from himself.

OH! MR. MYRTLE,

HAD you seen her for whom my breast pants this moment, your Anne Page had been as utterly no more as Cleopatra who ruined Anthony, or Statira who captivated Alexander! Headless man that I was—but what could wisdom have availed me, after seeing her! As she is fair, she is also inexorable. Alas! that what moves passion should also be a check to our desires; and how miserable is his fate, who conceives despair from the merit of what inspires his admiration! Oh, dear Sir! send me your advice; but I am sure I can't follow it; and I shall not have time to shew you how much I am your humble servant, though I know I shall be yours till death,

CINTHIO LANGUISSANTE.

I shall end to-day's work with this notable piece of complaint from poor Tim. Gubbin, whose lamentation you must take in his own words.

MR. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ to you last, I have visited this gentlewoman that I told you of, and whom I cannot be without every day in the week, except Sundays. You cannot imagine how very proud she is, and scornful, though at the same time she knows that I am better born than herself; but she loves none but dissemblers. The young spark, who I complained to you was so much in her favour, told her such a parcel of lyes t'other day, that I told him to his face I wondered he was not ashamed on it. You must know, I believe most of what he says is out of a book. I am loth to be quarrelsome; but if he talks, and makes a jest of me any longer, as I find he does, I'll make him understand that I am as good a scholar at the rapier as himself. I only speak it to you as a case of conscience, and ask you the question, Whether, if a man has more wit than I, and uses it against me, I may not use what I think I have more than he against him? Therefore, if I may have your leave, I would try my young spark about the business of courage. I have told my mistress as much; but I don't know what she means, but I think she has as mad a way of talking as he, and says, the way to win her is to die for her myself; and, if I won't do that, not to interrupt people who are better bred than myself, who are willing to die for her. Pr'ythee, Mr. Myrtle, tell me what all this means; for, though I have a very good estate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth a groat, and all for this proud minx. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

Nº XX. SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

SHE DROPT A TEAR, AND SIGHING SEEM'D TO SAY,
YOUNG MAIDENS, MARRY! MARRY, WHILE YOU MAY!

FLATMAN.

I Am apt to believe the circumstances of the following letter are unfeigned, and therefore shall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous ornaments. I shall have, I dare say,

enough to do in the progress of the matter, to shew my skill in Love; therefore, let the following letter lie before the town, as a plain narrative of what, I fear, will have more incidents in it than it should have,

have, were I myself either the son or the father in the narration. I appeal to the tea-tables on the matter.

DEAR MR. MYRTLE,

I Have long had a secret (and I hope no criminal) ambition to appear in your writings, and an equal desire to be under your direction. If, therefore, you have kindness enough to gratify the vanity of an enamoured female (who has a mind to be admired in coffee-houses, and is willing to believe that, by a little of your management, she may make a tolerable figure among your Lovers) and to convince the world that you are resolved to be as good as your word, by your readiness to give your sage advice to those who need it, and humbly sue for it; I earnestly intreat you to print me off to-morrow, and, at the same time, to publish your opinion of the following case: for the gentleman who, next myself, is more concerned in it, has perused the letter I now presume to send you, and has positively declared he will stand to your determination.

Mr. Careless is a gentleman of the Middle Temple: he was sent thither very young to study the law. He has a vivacity in all his words and actions, which has acquired him the esteem and good graces of a great many of our sex. This kind of happiness made him entirely neglect the chief design which brought him up to London. Coke upon Littleton grew mouldy and dusty in his solitary study, while he shined among the ladies in his coat turned up with velvet, and negligently graced with oil and powder. He better knew how to write a billet-doux than to engross a bill, and he was much more expert in repeating scraps of plays than in wording a petition. A certain art he has of saying the most common things after an extraordinary manner, was of very great use to him in effectually recommending him to those ladies who are fond of that kind of innocent mirth which keeps virtue always in danger, and consequently alarmed, and not in a stupid security which tends neither to virtue nor vice.—But, alas! where am I going?—I ask ten thousand pardons, dear Mr. Myrtle, for this long preamble. What I am going to consult you in is this: I am a young woman who have been but fourteen these three years past, though to you I may venture to

own, that I was six and twenty the first day of May last. My father was an officer in the army, and though pretty well stricken in years, yet no man was a greater encourager of mirth and diversion than himself. This turn of humour in the good old man, made him extremely pleased with Mr. Careless; and, unless the business of his family required his more serious attention, he thought his hours passed slowly on, if young Careless happened to be absent from our house. This gentleman's close intimacy with my father gave him frequent opportunities of being in my company; and he has often, in gaiety of heart, called me his Maria, his mistress, his charmer; and has told me a thousand times over he was in love with me, in a way which goes for no more than—*Madam, I like your company.* However, Mr. Myrtle, you, who seem no stranger to the weaknesses incident to our sex, can't but imagine that a single woman, and no professed enemy to matrimony, was not displeased at such like declarations from a pretty fellow that was young, lively, brisk, and did not want wit. Though he was thus agreeable, and I neither insensible of his perfections, nor displeased at his addresses to me, yet my modesty laid too great a restriction on me, to permit me to discover to him at first the secret satisfaction I took in hearing him praise me, and how I was delighted when I listened to the declaration of his passion. What he prattled at last began to dwell upon me; I grew afraid that all his professions of this nature were mere amusements to him; till one evening, when we were all very merry in the parlour, dancing country dances, and playing plays, he said something to me in secret, which I fear I shall all my life wish I had never heard.

I remember we were engaged at a play called Servants and Mistresses, when, among the variety of gentlemen which were given me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr. Careless, as a gentleman the most agreeable to my fancy of any in the company. Upon which he rose up, made me a very modest and respectful bow; and when, according to the custom of the play, he had given a very graceful, and methought somewhat awful salute, he whispered me, and wished, with a sigh, that he might be so happy as to be my choice in earnest—I hear
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the words still tingle in my ear. I stole my eye towards Mr. Careless the whole night after; and if he happened to compliment any of the ladies, I took particular notice of her countenance; I could not help thinking her very ugly, and that she did not at all deserve to have any thing said in her praise: if he smiled at my cousin, who was tolerably handsome, I was ready to cry; and when, in a fondling manner, he took my sister Sally on his knee, methought my poor heart grew as heavy as lead. Well! certainly my inquietudes all that night are not, and to Mr. Myrtle need not, to be described—But, Mr. Myrtle, to make short of my story, by mutual endearments, and a reciprocal desire to please, Mr. Careless and I, from that time forward, became lovely and agreeable in each other's eyes. I thought myself happy in his company; and a sight of him never failed to fill me with the most ravishing delight. He would often discourse to me of marriage, and long till he was of age, that he might have me all his own. I conversed with him as with the man who was to have been my companion for life. I seldom dressed but on the day I expected a visit from him. Thus we lived and loved, for some months, till the malicious world talked of our behaviour, and made Mr. Careless's father acquainted with our whole proceedings. He sends for his son. Oh, Mr. Myrtle, how shall I describe my concern for his departure! I dreaded his father's power over him, and trembled when I considered that his father, who was able to leave him a good fortune, might possibly awe him into a neglect of me. Mr. Careless leaves me in London, in obedience to his father's command. As soon as he got home, he sent me word his father severely menaced him, and swore solemnly he would not leave him a groat if he continued to love me, or entertained the least thought of making me his wife.

In Mr. Careless's absence my father and mother both died, and I survived them an orphan of a very slender fortune. Mr. Careless writes a second letter, wherein he lets me know, that his father persists in his resolution; however, he assures me, that if I pleased he would post to London unknown to the old man, and there marry me. I now had a difficult card to play. I reasoned

thus; that if I took Mr. Careless at his word, I should thereby prove the unhappy instrument of making him guilty of disobedience, and, by incurring his father's displeasure, put his fortune in danger. I thought it would be no argument of my affection to involve the young man I pretended to love, in these dangers. After some struggle, my passion gave way to prudence, and I resolved to lose my lover, rather than take him at the expence of his fame or discretion. After I had wept heartily, I writ him a letter in the stile of one who had never loved; I told him I believed it most advisable to lay aside the thoughts of a match which was attended with many difficulties, and could not but prove a very disadvantageous one to him, and, if his father remained irreconcilable, to me too. Mr. Careless followed my advice, he commended my freedom, ceased to be my lover, but continued to be my friend ever since.

Mr. Careless is now at age, unmarried, and has attained to a plentiful fortune without the assistance of his father: I am still unprovided for, and confess Mr. Careless is this moment as much master of my heart as ever. Dear Mr. Myrtle, be speedy in your determination, and say what you think should be Mr. Careless's sentiments towards me. I wait with impatience for to-morrow's paper, which is seriously to determine the fate of your constant reader,

PRUDENCE LOVESICK.

It is a very hazardous point to determine a matter attended with such nice circumstances: but supposing the facts are honestly stated, if the father of Careless has any taste of merit, he ought to give his consent to a lady to whom he owes so generous a refusal of his son, rather than be his daughter, when it was incommensurable to the circumstances of his family. If an accession of wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a portion sent by Providence to take off all prudential objections that stood between the young lady and her happiness, I won't say what the son should do; but if the father does his duty, it will have the same good effect on the lovers. Till that is refused, I shall not play the casuist in a case wherein no one can err, but with a guilt which cannot but be obvious to any man who has the least sense of humanity.

N^o XXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 13.

NATIO COMÆDA EST —

Juv.

IN hopes that people will trouble me no more with accounts of the Crabtrees, I have admitted the following letter, though I am sick of a people so eminently made the objects of the contrary passion to that of love.

SIR,

I Read in your paper, the other day, the letter of Richardetto Languenti, concerning the ridiculous and mischievous race of the Crabtrees. I must confess I never thought words better put together or applied, than mischievous and ridiculous, for that unaccountable, lamentable, detestable, and every other word ending in able, under tolerable. You may see, Sir, by the hand in which I write, that I am a woman; and by the stile and passion, that I am an angry woman: at the same time, I don't know whether I may write myself Woman, only because I am of the age of twenty-nine, since I am still a maid; but I am sure I should have been a woman before now, if it had not been for this disagreeable, I would say execrable race of the Crabtrees. As fast, and as well as my passion will let me, I will give you an account of my sufferings.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of 400l. a year, who has several other children. Sir Anthony always giving himself out for a great friend to the landed interest, as he calls it, has ever been in great credit with my father. To find portions, maintenance, and education, for a numerous family, my father has practised that natural improvement of a country gentleman's estate, grazing cattle, and driving them to the market of London. He dealt for the whole with one eminent butcher in St. James's Market, with whom he accounts once a year, and takes the payments which are made to the said butcher in balance of their accounts. You must know there is a great lady in that neighbourhood, eminent for her justice and charity, who uses Sir Anthony as her steward: the knight has got a great estate by oppressing her tenants, and terrifying all people in her service with his great power in her. The lady above-mentioned owed my father's correspond-

ent, the butcher, a sum of money, which was to have been my fortune in marriage with an agreeable young man, the son of a neighbouring gentleman. My father had so great a respect for this lady, that he engaged himself to take any demands upon her in payment without the least scruple. By Sir Anthony's management, a third part of the lady's debt to the butcher is paid in a coin I never heard of before, called Tin Tallies. My father has written to Sir Anthony, and offered them to Zachariah his brother, they being out of my father's way to know what to do with; but Zachariah has told the poor butcher, who carried my father's letter, and written to my father, that he can't meddle with them; but has gravely advised him to stick to the landed interest, and not mind projects, for so the half-witted impudent wretch calls receiving money for the product of his land. Thus, Sir, I have lost a good husband by this trick of Sir Anthony, and the whole race of them wonder why our family curses them; but, Sir, it is the nature of the Crabtrees to be blind to the evils they themselves commit, and don't think themselves guilty of mischiefs, wherein they are the original causes, except they are the immediate instruments. These gross abuses the graceless crew, by bragging of their power, have committed against all the world without being found out and thoroughly explained; till the devil, who owed them a shame, prompted them to meddle with those that could draw their pictures. I owned to you, in the beginning of this letter, that I was an angry woman; and I think I have made it out that I have reason for it. I have nothing now left to divert my poor aching heart from reflection upon it's disappointment, but gratifying my resentment against the infamous cause of it. When I reflect upon this race, especially the knight himself, I confess my anger is immediately turned into mirth; for how is it possible that an ungainly creature, who has what he is writ in his face, should impose upon any body? He looks so like a cheat, that he passes upon people who do not know him from no other

other advantage in the world, but that they are ashamed to be governed by so silly an art as physiognomy. With this mischievous aspect, there is something so awkward, so little, and briskly comic, in Sir Anthony's mien and air, that one would think the contempt of his figure might save people from the iniquity of his designs; but Sir Anthony has the happiness next to a good reputation, which is to be insensible of shame, and therefore is as snug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal reflections, but ugly is a woman's word for knavish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the sentence of some poet, English or Latin, at the top of your paper; and as I desire you would let my letter be as remarkable as possible, I beg you to put these words out of Sir John Suckling's play of the Sad One, at the head of this my writing, except you would put in all my letter, which I had much rather you would: the place of Sir J. Suckling will agree well enough with the knight; for tho' his name is Anthony, and Suckling has used the word Robin, every one of this country will think him meant, when you do but say, 'The Sad One,' for such indeed he is. The passage is thus: A poet and an actor are introduced discoursing about characters in a play. The actor is telling the author, that he wonders why he will represent what cannot be in nature, an honest lawyer. 'Why,' says Multicarrá, (that is the name of the poet) 'Dost think it impossible for a lawyer to be honest?' The actor answers—

- ' As 'tis for a lord-treasurer to be poor,
- ' Or for a king not to be cozened :
- ' There's little Robin, in debt within these
 ' three years,
- ' Crowned fat and full——

As for using the word Treasurer instead of Steward, there is nothing in that: for Sir Anthony, in a sneering way, calls himself so; and pretends he deserves that word more than any one else who ever served her, though it's well known he has disparaged her more than any one that ever served any body: and my father says, since he has got me and the tin tallies lying upon his hands, that he will send you an account, wherein he will prove, that if she had given him a year's income of all she has in the world to have nothing to say to him, she had saved above a year's revenue by it. But there is no dealing with him; he has got all

the country to call the honest man, who managed her business before him, all the names that malice could invent; so that, whenever he is dismissed, he knows he cannot be worse used than the best men have been before him. Thus Sir Anthony thinks himself secure against defamation; first, because he deserves all the ill that can be said of him; and, secondly, because the same thing has been said of those who deserve all the praise which language can bestow. I have a great deal more to say of the ugly creature; but I had like to have forgot Brickdust and Zachariah. You must know they have different apartments about Sir Anthony's house, to examine every one who comes for money, or admit their accounts. These animals, if possible, are more hideous than Sir Anthony himself: they are both in town; and they are as much desired in the country, as their arrival in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The Presbyterian ministers in these parts have a very pleasant tale of Zachariah, who, it seems, was made a trustee in a donation for ministers dissenting from the Church of England. The description of ministers dissenting from the Church of England suits as well with Nonjurors as Dissenters; and Zachariah being a new convert, forsooth, to the church, has a pious compassion rather for those who were of our church, and are gone higher, than to those who will not come up to it; and therefore, out of scruple of conscience cheats the Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print this, because it would be well that the truth were known; for some do not fail to say, that under the notion of it's being a gift to pious uses, Zachariah has reserved it for that good Christian himself. When Zachariah went through the town of Worcester—but that is a long story—I had like to have forgot Brickdust; but what signifies talking of him? I remember a whimsical saying of one speaking of a silly creature with a manly aspect; he called him a Coal-black Silly Fellow; so I say Brickdust is a Soft Ugly Cur: he has a phiz fit only for accusation and abuse; if he designed to commend, it would have that effect; and it is nonsense for you to set up for a Lover, when you let these creatures go about to frighten women with child, and bear false witness against honest men. I fear I have said more than will come within your paper; but pray don't leave any of it out, for my lover was a very pretty fellow, and

was forced to leave me because of these cursed tallies. I am, dear Mr. Myrtle, very much your servant,

SUSAN MATCHLESS.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Beg the favour of you to acquaint the town, that in the most necessary earthen ware, I have, with great pains and

curiosity, wrought round the exterior superficies of them, the true effigies of Sir Anthony Crabtree, Mr. Zachariah Crabtree, and Mr. Peter Brickduft. They will be sold at all potters shops within London and Westminster on the 19th instant, and country customers may have them at a cheaper rate.

RUBENS CLAYWRIGHT.

N^o XXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 15.

SECRETUM ITER — —

HOR.

THE business of Love alters in every family in England; and, I must confess, I did not sufficiently weigh the great perplexity that I should fall into, from the vast variety of cases, when I undertook my present province. The author of the following letters is in very whimsical circumstances, which will be best represented by his epistles.

SIR,

AS I am about thirty; and of such a round untroubled countenance as may make me appear not so much, I must complain to you of a general calamity that obstructs or suspends the advancement of the younger men in the pursuit of their fortune. I now make love to the daughter of a man of business, who is so fantastical as to threaten to marry the young lady to a contemporary of his own, I mean one of his own years. He says no young man can be good for any thing but filling an house full of children, without being wise enough to know how to provide for them. Now, as I am to succeed in love, as I can argue my father-in-law into an opinion of my ability for business, give me leave to think it not foreign to your design, to print my thoughts concerning the prejudices which men in one stage of life have to those in another. The utmost inconveniences are owing to the difficulty we meet with in being admitted into the society of men in years, and adding thereby the early knowledge of men and business to that of books, for the reciprocal improvement of each other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the same insufficiency in one of thirty, as he of thirty does one of fifteen; and each age is thus left to instruct itself by the natural course of it's own reflection and

experience. I am apt to think, that before thirty, a man's natural and acquired parts are at that strength, as, with a little experience, to enable him (if ever he can be enabled) to acquit himself well in any business or conversation he shall be admitted into. As to the objection, that those that have not been used to business are consequently unfit for it, it might have been made one time or other against all men that ever were born; and is so general a one, that it is none at all. Besides, he that knew men the best that ever any one did, says, that 'Wisdom cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise.' And my Lord Bacon observes, that those governments have been always the most happy, which have been administered by such as have spent part of their life in books and leisure; and instances in the governments of Pius Quintus and Sixtus Quintus about his own time, who, though they were esteemed but pedantical friars, proceeded upon truer principles of state than those who had had their education in affairs of state and courts of princes. If this rule holds in the dispatch of the most perplexed matters, as of public politics, it must of necessity in that of the common divisions of business, which every body knows are directed by form, and require rather diligence and honesty than great ability in the execution.

A good judgment will not only supply, but go beyond experience; for the latter is only a knowledge that directs us in the dispatch of matters future, from the consideration of matters past of the same nature; but the former is a perpetual and equal direction in every thing that can happen, and does not follow, but makes the precedent that guides the other.

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This everlasting prejudice of the old against the young, heightens the natural disposition of youth to pleasure, when they find themselves adjudged incapable of business. Those among them, therefore, whose circumstances and way of thinking will allow them such freedom, plunge themselves in all sensual gratifications. Others of them, of a more regulated turn of thought, seek the entertainment of books and contemplation, and are buried in these pleasures. These pursuits, during our middle age, strengthen the love of retirement in the sober man, and make it necessary to the libertine. They gain philosophy enough by this time to be convinced 'tis their interest to have as little ambition as may be; and, considering rather how much less they need to live happily, than how much more, can't conceive why they should trouble themselves about the raising a fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot enlarge it.

I confess the impious and impertinent way of life and conversation of youth in general, exposes them to the just displeasure of their elders; but where the contrary is found among any of them, it should be the more particular recommendation to their patronage. There are some observations, I have by chance met with, so much in favour of young men, that I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is the chief recommendation both in public and private matters, it is observed, that the young are more sincere in the dispatch of business, and professions of friendship, than those that are more advanced in years; for they either prefer public reputation to private advantage, or believe it the only way to it. They are generally well-natured, as having not been acquainted with much malice, or soured with disappointment; the less disposed to pride or avarice, as they have neither wanted nor abounded. They are unpractised in the ways of flattery and dissimulation, and think others practise it as little as themselves. This arises from their boldness, as having not been yet humbled by the chances of life; and their credulity, as having not yet been often deceived.

I shall conclude by saying, it is very

hard upon us young fellows, that we are not to be trusted in business and conversation with those in years, till due age, together with its consequences, ill health and ill humour have marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye, a busy ruminating forehead; and, in short, rendered us less capable of serving and pleasing them, than we were when we were thought unable to do either. I beg your pardon for so many serious reflections, and your leave to add to them a love-letter to the father, inclosed in one to the daughter, and addressed to her for his perusal. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MADAM,

MY life is wrapped up in you. I don't relish every conversation wherein there is not some mention made of you: whenever you are named, I hear you commended, and that gives ease to the torment I am in, while I am forced to smother the warmth of my affection towards you. You know your father is not displeased that I love you; but I am, I know not how, to prefer your interests to yourself. But all the business of the world is impertinence, and all its riches vexation, in comparison of the joy there is in being understood. Madam, your most faithful, most devoted, humble servant.

P. S. When your father asks whether I have writ, hide this, and shew him the inclosed. Look displeased, and he will plead for me.

MADAM,

I Have a great respect for you, but must beg you would not take it amiss, if I can reckon no woman a beauty whose father's favour does not add to her other qualifications. He is, as I am, a man of business; and I doubt not but he will acquaint you, that business is to be minded. Your declaration, joined with his in my favour, will make me more frequent at your house; but till I know what I have to trust to, I do not think it is proper for me to intrude upon your time, and lose my own. I am, Madam, your most humble servant.

N^o XXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

QUOD LATET ARCANA NON ENARRABILE FIBRA.

PERS.

MR. MYRTLE.

WHEN you first erected your Lodge, you then took upon you to be a patron of Lovers, and at the same time promised your assistance to all those who should address themselves to you for advice, the better to conduct them through all those paths of love which, it is to be presumed, you have often trod before them.

It is this consideration which emboldens me to give you the trouble of this, without offering at any formal apology for it. It is a mighty pleasure and a solid satisfaction to a man, to reflect that he has it in his power to be serviceable to others; and since I am confident of your ability, if you deny me the benefit of it, I shall grudge you the possession of such an advantage, and value you no more, though a master in the art of love, than I would a miser for his wealth, when he poorly reserves it to himself, and can't find in his soul to bestow the least part of it on the most needy and indigent.

That you may be the better able to prescribe, I shall beg leave to lay my real condition before you without art or dissimulation. I am, in plain terms, what you call a rover, or a general lover. I am of the most perverse, untoward, amorous constitution imaginable; I have scarcely ever seen that female who had not some charm or other to catch my heart with; and I dare say I have been a slave to more mistresses than swell the account of Cowley's ballad called *The Chronicle*. I have frequently been lost in transports at the sight of a Chloë or a Sacharissa, and have admired many an ugly Corinna for wit or humour. Myra has charmed me ten thousand times with her singing; and my heart has leaped for joy when Miss Airy has been dancing a jig, or Isabella has moved a minuet. It has burnt and crackled like charcoal at the flirt of a fan; and I have sometimes fallen a sacrifice to an hooped petticoat. In short, there is scarce a woman I ever laid my eyes on, that I have not liked

and loved, admired and wished for: the pretty, the wise, the witty, the gay, the proud, and the coquet; all, all from the fine lady down to the dextrous Molly who waits with the kettle at my sister's tea-table, have made scars or wounds in my heart. And yet, after all this—which is somewhat strange—my heart is as whole as ever. What I mean is this; that notwithstanding the multiplicity of darts which have been shot at me, yet they never made any lasting impression on me, or have been able to throw me into an humour serious enough to think of marriage. Though I confess the temper I am now complaining of has been exceeding troublesome to me, yet I could not help thinking matrimony a cure worse than the disease. Besides, how shall I be certain I shan't be the same latitudinarian in love after I have swallowed the bitter dose? It is for this reason that I have long used my endeavours to find out some other remedy for my distemper; and to that end I have had recourse to all those famous physicians who have pretended to write for the good of those persons who have been in my whimsical circumstances. But, alas! after a long and tedious consultation among these mighty professors, I could not perceive myself one jot the better. I am convinced they are all a parcel of pretenders; and that I had no more reason to expect any benefit from them, than one afflicted with the gout has to hope for an infallible cure from your boasting sham doctors, who disperse their bills and advertisements through every street in London.

The first I addressed myself to was that Galen in love, Ovid. The fellow had a smooth tongue, and really talked very prettily. He shewed me a great many lost letters of his own composing; told me some odd surprising stories; made me sigh at his mournful elegies; and promised me, that if I would carefully observe his rules, and follow those directions laid down in his *Philo-dispensatory*, or *Arte Amandi*, I need not doubt but my business was done. He delivered

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this with so serious an air, that silly I began to believe him, and gather hopes of a perfect recovery; till one day, when I was giving great attention to him, I heard him break off in the midst of his harangue, and immediately crying out, in the exclamatory stile—

*Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis
herbis.*

From that very moment I thought him an ignorant coxcomb, and never meddled with him since.

The next I ventured upon was good Abraham Cowley. He was looked upon as a proficient in his way; and was very much in vogue among the ladies, for gently handling their hearts, and easily getting at their passions. His greatest business lay among such as had but newly received their wounds, and some expected great refreshment from his balmy compositions: but it has been said by others, that he was the worst in the world at a green wound; and that whoever took him in hand when they were first hurt, they rather grew worse than better. However, I was resolved to undergo one course with him: I was introduced into his company by a young cousin of mine, who was at that time either in love, or the green sickness; and in a little time I was intimately acquainted with his *mistress*. I was, I remember, mightily pleased to hear him tax the ladies, and justify his own fickleness, by asking them, Could they call the shore inconstant which kindly embraced every wave? 'Ah!' thought I, 'this is a doctor after my own heart; his case is exactly mine.' But, alas! I had not kept him company long, before I discovered that, for all his skill in numbers, he was but an ignorant physician, since he could not cure himself. The third I went to was Mrs. Behn. She indeed, I thought, understood the practice part of love better than the speculative; but she was a dangerous quack, for a sight of her always made my distemper return upon me. I liked some parts of her *Lover's Watch*, and would have bought it from her: she told me she would hire the use

out to me for a little time, but that she would not sell it outright.

The last I advised with was the most renowned Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. He was a person of great note and fashion; and had very good practice in this city for some years. He had acquired a large stock of fame and reputation for his experience in the world, his acquaintance with all the little weaknesses and infirmities incident to human kind; and was more particularly had in esteem for his knowledge and proficiency in the occult sciences. From a gentleman thus qualified, what might I not have hoped for? But, Sir, I soon understood that all his predictions and prophecies were but dreams and fables to amuse and divert us, and that he understood himself very well when he called himself Tatler.

And now, Sir, after all these fruitless and repeated inquiries, my last and only refuge is in you. You are certainly acquainted with all the secret springs of love, and know the hidden causes which make my heart rise up to every She I meet. You can't be ignorant how it comes to pass that my temper is so various; and my inclination so floating and changeable, that one object can't confine them, but, like a wandering bee, they fly at every flower. I assure you, Mr. Myrtle, my present disposition is what gives me great concern and uneasiness. Tell me how I may reclaim this volatile heart of mine, this desultory imagination, and keep it within bounds: shew me the way to fix it to one, or not love at all. I am not uneasy for your answer, for I must own to you I feel but very little pain; but in some distempers they say that is an ill sign. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHARLES LAZY.

My correspondent is come already to the condition he desires; for what is not confined to one, is not love at all: and my friend Charles needs no further information in his case, but to be told, that he does not labour under the passion of love, but the vice of wantonness.

N^o XXIV. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

THERE DWELT THE SCORN OF VICE, AND PITY TOO.

WALLER.

TRUE Virtue, distinguishes itself by nothing more conspicuously than charity towards those who are so unhappy as to have, or be thought to have, taken a contrary course: it is in the very nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new converts towards it's interest, and bewail the loss of the most inconsiderable votaries. It would, perhaps, be thought a severity to make conclusions of the innate goodness of ladies at a visit, by this rule: beauty, wit, and virtue, in those conversations, generally receive all the diminution imaginable; and little faults, imperfections, and misfortunes, are aggravated not without bitterness.

Diſtynna, though she is commended for singular prudence and œconomy, appears in conversation never to have known what it is to be careful.

Decia, who has no virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of vice, cannot endure the applause of Diſtynna. Ladies who are impatient of what is said to the advantage of others, do not consider that they lay themselves open to all people of discernment, who know that it is the want of good qualities in themselves which makes people impatient of the acknowledgment of them in others.

Among the many advantages which one sex has over the other, there is none so conspicuous as that the fame of men grows rather more just and certain by examination; that of women is almost irreparably lost by so much as a disadvantageous rumour. This case is so tender, that, in order to the redress of it, it is more safe to try to dissuade the aspersers from their iniquity, than exhort the innocent to such a fortitude as to neglect their calumny.

It should, methinks, be a rule to suspect every one, who insinuates any thing against the reputation of another of the vice with which they charge their neighbour; for it is very unlikely it should flow from the love of virtue: the resentment of the virtuous towards those who are fallen, is that of pity; and that is best exerted in silence on the occasion. What then can be said to the numerous tales that pass to and fro in this town, to

the disparagement of those who have never offended their accusers? As for my part, I always wait with patience, and never doubt of hearing, in a little time, for a truth, the same guilt of any woman which I find the reports of another. It is, as I said, unnatural it should be otherwise: the calumny usually flows from an impatience of living under severity; and they report the fallies of others against the time of their own escape. How many women would be speechless, if their acquaintance were without faults! There is a great beauty in town very far gone in this vice. I have taken the liberty to write her the following epistle by the penny-post.

MADAM,

I Have frequently had the honour of being in your company, and should have had a great deal of delight in it, had you not pleased to embitter that happiness by the unmerciful treatment you give all the rest of your sex. Several of those I have heard you use unkindly were my particular friends and acquaintance. I can assure you, all the advantage you had above those you lessened on these occasions was, that you were not absent, for the company longed for the same opportunity of speaking as freely of you. Believe me, your own dress fits never the better on you for tearing other people's cloaths. While you are rifling every one that falls in your way, you cannot imagine how much that fury discomposes your own figure. You believe you carried all before you the last time I had the happiness to be where you were. As soon as your cousin (whom you are too inadvertent to observe does not want sense) had mentioned an agreeable young lady which she met at a visit in Soho Square, you immediately contradicted her, and told her you had seen the lady, and were so unhappy that you could not observe those charms in her. 'Her name,' says your cousin, 'is Mrs. Dulcett.'—'The same,' said you. Your cousin replied—'She is tall and graceful.' You again, with a scornful smile—

smile—'She is long and confident.'—
 'But,' says your kinswoman, 'I cannot but think her eye has a fine languor.'—'I don't know but she might,' said you, 'if one could see her awake; but that sleepiness and insensibility in them, added to her ungainliness, makes me doubt whether I ever saw her but as walking in her sleep.'—'Well, but her understanding has something in it very lively and diverting.'—'Aye,' says you, 'they that will talk all, or have memories, cannot but utter something, now and then, that is passable.' Your cousin seemed at a loss what to say in support of one she had pronounced so agreeable; and therefore she retired to the lady's circumstances, since you had disallowed every thing in her person, and said, her fortune would make up for all, for she had now ten thousand pounds, and would, if her brother died, have almost two thousand a year. This, too, you knew the contrary of; and gave us to understand the utmost of her fortune was four thousand, and the brother's estate had a very heavy mortgage, and, when cleared, would not be a neat thousand a year. Your cousin, when you took so much pains to contradict her misrepresentations, grew grave with you; and told you, since you were so positive, you were the only one in town who did not think Mrs. Dulcett, besides her being a considerable fortune, a woman of wit, that danced gracefully, sang charmingly, had the best mien, the prettiest way in every thing she did; that she had the least affectation, the most merit; was—
 Upon which you, with the utmost impatience, after ruffling your fan, and giggling in your seat, as if you had heard your mother abused, rose up, and, declaring you did not expect to be allowed one word more in the conversation, since your cousin had once got the discourse, left the room. Your cousin held the lady of the house from following you out; and, instead of the anger we thought her in when you were in the room, fell into the most violent laughter. When she came to herself, she prevented what we were going to say on the occasion, by telling us there was no such creature in nature as Mrs. Dulcett; that she had

laid this plot against you for some days, and was resolved to expose you for that scandalous humour of yours, of allowing nobody to have any tolerable good qualities but yourself. 'You see,' said she, 'how suddenly she made objections, from the sort of character I gave the woman, assigning the proper imperfection to the quality in her according to my commendation.' I think we said all together—'What, no such woman in the world!—'What,' said the lady of the house, 'she to be so particular in the estate mortgaged, and all those dislikes to one she never saw, to one not in being, to one you had invented!' You may easily imagine what railery passed on the occasion, and how you were used after such a demonstration of your censoriousness.

I desire, whenever hereafter you have the evil spirit upon you to lessen anybody you hear commended, to think of Mrs. Dulcett: if you do not, you may assure yourself you will be told of her. Among your acquaintance, whenever any one is spoken ill of, Mrs. Dulcett is the word; and no one minds what you say, after you have been thus detected. I advise you to go out of town this season; go into a milk diet; and, when you return with country innocence in your blood, I will do justice to your good-humour; and am, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

The painful manner women usually receive favourable accounts of one another, shews that the ill-nature in which this young woman was detected, is not an uncommon infirmity. But let every woman know, she cannot add to herself what she takes from another; but all that she bestows upon another, will, by the discerning world, be restored tenfold: and there can be no better rule or description of a right disposition than this—

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.

The scorn of it, in virtuous persons, is in respect to themselves; the pity, in regard to others.

N^o XXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 22.

— QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA COGIT. —

VIRG.

TO MR. MYRTLE.

SIR,

I Suppose that you begin to repent you published my last letter to you, since your late indulgence to me occasions this frequent trouble. I don't know, Sir, what it may be to you, but I am sure it is real pleasure to me to embrace all opportunities of shewing myself your humble servant; therefore give me leave to talk before so great a master of Love, and to use the trite simile of making a declaration of war before Hannibal.

AMONG all those passions to which the frailty and weakness of man subject him, there is not any that extends such a boundless and despotic empire over the whole species as that of Love. The meek, the mild, and the humble, are strangers to envy, anger, and ambition; but neither the malicious, the choleric, or the proud, can say their hearts have been always free from the power of Love. This has subdued the exalted minds of the most aspiring tyrants, and has melted the most sanguine complexion into an effeminate softness. An undaunted hero has been known to tremble when he approached the fair, and the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a woman's feet. The scholar, the statesman, and the soldier, have all been lovers; and the most ignorant swain has neglected both his flock and pipe to woo Daphne or Sylvia.

But though Love be a passion which is thus common to all, yet how widely do its votaries differ in their manner of address! The pleasing enjoyment of the admired object is what they all pursue; and yet few agree in the same methods of obtaining their ends, or accomplishing their desires. Every lover has his particular whim, and each resolves to follow his own way. Some fancy money has a sovereign charm in it, and that no rhetoric is so irresistibly prevailing as a golden-shower. Others think to take their mistresses, as they do towns, by bombarding or undermining them; if they cannot beat them down by force of arms, they will try to blow them up with false music. Some attempt to

frighten their mistresses into a compliance, and threaten to hang or drown themselves if they refuse to pity them. Others turn tragedians, and expect to move compassion by a falling tear, or a rising sigh. Some depend upon dress; and conclude, that if they can catch the eye, they'll soon seize the heart. One man affects gravity, and another levity, because some women prefer the solemnity of a Spaniard to the gaiety of a Frenchman. An handsome leg has found the way to a widow's bed; and a coquette has been won by a song or a caper. A prude may be caught by a precise look and a demure behaviour; and a Platonic lady has lain with her humble servant out of a refined friendship, when she would not listen to a declaration of love. Some will be attacked in mood and figure, and others will have it, that a great scholar will never make a kind husband. The witty Clara is delighted with impertinence, and a celebrated toast has languished for the beautiful outside of a painted butterfly. Some women are allured by the resemblance of their own follies; and I have seen a rake, by the help of a whinnying accent, triumph over a sanctified Quaker.

But of all the arts which have been practised by the men on the other sex, I have not observed any kind of address which has been so generally successful as flattery. Whether it be that, by making a woman in love with herself, you thereby engage her to love the person who makes her so; or, as, who would not be apt to be fond of the cause which produces so agreeable an effect? or whether the partiality and self-love which most women abound in, does the more readily induce them to believe, that all the praise which is given them is really due to their merit, and therefore they admire you for your justice; or whatever other reason may possibly be assigned for this weakness, I shall not now go about to enquire: but so it is, that the shortest and surest way to a woman's heart is through the road of skillful flattery. This, like a subtle poison, insinuates itself almost into every female; and a dose of it, rightly prepared, seldom fails

fails to produce an extraordinary operation. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with an universal acceptance and approbation; while sincerity and plain-dealing are looked upon as nauseous and disgusting physic. In opposition to what I here advance, it may perhaps be said, we may love the traitor, and yet hate the traitor. How true this maxim may be in politics, (treachery being a moral evil, which, though of use to us for our safety, is yet sufficient to beget an aversion in us towards the wretch who is guilty of it) I shan't dispute; but I am sure in love affairs it will scarcely hold: for she must be a woman of uncommon virtues and qualifications, who can so nicely distinguish between the gift and the giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive the other. They do not think flattery a vice, and therefore can't be persuaded to dislike a lover for being a courtier; nay, though they are conscious of some of their own imperfections, yet if their admirers are not quick-sighted enough to discern them, they are willing to impute their blindness to their love; nay, though some defects are grossly visible even to the lover, yet if he will compliment his mistress with what she really wants, I dare appeal to the whole sex, whether either such incense or the offerer of it be one jot nearer the losing their favour, and whether they are not ever delighted with both the delusion and the deceiver. But if they really believe themselves as amiable as the flatterer tells them they are, then, in point of gratitude, they conclude themselves obliged to think kindly of their benefactor; that he is one none can deny, since the greatest kindnesses you can confer on a mistress are praise and commendation. These are those melting sounds, that soft music, which never sounds harshly in a woman's ear. Before I conclude this paper, I shall relate a story which I know to be fact.

Miss Witwou'd was a young gentlewoman of good extraction, and an handsome fortune. She was exactly shaped, and very pretty. She dressed and danced genteelly, and sung sweetly. But, notwithstanding these advantages, (which one would imagine were sufficient to make any one woman satisfied) she had an insufferable itch after the reputation of a wit. She fancied she had as much wit as she wanted, (though indeed she wanted more than ever she'll

have) and this conceit made her fond of scribbling and shewing her follies that way, as taking great delight in applause.

My friend Meanwell is a gentleman of good sense and a sound judgment: he is a professed enemy to flattery; and is of opinion, that to commend without just grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that which only of right belongs to them. He says a compliment is a modish lye; and declares he would not be guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a beautiful fool for wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were sure to have his falsehood rewarded by the enjoyment of his mistress. Undeserved applause is to him an argument of either want of judgment, or of insincerity; and he resolves he will never go about to establish another's reputation at the expence of his own. With these honest useless qualities he has made long but fruitless courtship to young Miss Witwou'd. Ned Courtly is a new but violent pretender to the same lady. Ned is a shallow well-dressed coxcomb. He was bred at court; and is of a graceful and confident behaviour, tempered with civility. The shallow thing can wait at a distance, and look at her, and with a smile approach her, and say—'Your ladyship is divinely pretty.' He is wonderful happy also in particular discoveries; and whenever he renews a visit to his mistress, she is sure of being presented with some additional charm, which would have forever lain concealed, had not Ned most luckily found it out. Ned quickly perceived Miss Witwou'd's weak side, and carefully watched all opportunities of making his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured of Ned's company, and begins to despise Meanwell as an unpolished clown. She likes Ned as she does her glass, and for the same reason, that it always shews her her beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give her also the beauties of her mind, as she does to see the glass reflect those of her body. One evening last week Meanwell had the honour to sup with her. The cloth being taken away, she delivered him a copy of verses, which she said had been the product of her leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so good a judge. My friend had the patience to read them twice over, finds nothing extraordinary in them, so smilingly returns them with a silent bow. He was just going to speak his

his mind impartially, when in came Ned Courtly. He perused and hummed them over in a seeming rapture; looked at the lady, and then at the paper, for almost half an hour, in full admiration; and then, with a better air than ever critic spoke, he pronounced, that the author of those verses had Congreve's wit, and Waller's softness, and that there was nothing to

completely perfect in all their works. The consequence of this was, Meanwell was discarded, because he would be rigidly honest in trifles; and Ned made his mistress his wife, because, in spite of nature, he allowed her a poetess; or perhaps very justly, because he really thinks her so. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
VESUVIUS.

N^o XXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

DURUM; SED LEVIUS FIT PATIENTIA
QUICQUID CORRIGERE EST NEFAS.

HOR.

SIR,

I Find you are an author who are more inclined to give your advice in cases which raise mirth in your readers, than in those which are of a more serious and melancholy nature. But you know very well, that in virtuous love there are many unhappy accidents which may lay a claim to your compassion, and consequently to your assistance. I myself am one of those distressed persons, who may come in for my share of your concern. About eight years ago I married a young woman of great merit, who was every way qualified for a bosom friend, that is, for advancing the innocent pleasures of life, and alleviating its misfortunes. She had all the good sense I ever met with in any male acquaintance, with all that sweetness of temper which is peculiar to the most engaging of her sex. Life was too happy with such a companion in it; for I must tell you, with tears, that she was snatched away from me by a fever about twelve months since. I was the more unable to bear this unspeakable loss, as having conversed with very few besides herself during the whole time of our marriage. We were the whole world to one another; and whilst we lived together, though scarce either of us were ever in company, we were never alone. Being thus cut off from the society of others, and from the person who was most dear to me, I naturally betook myself to the reading of such books as might tend to my relief under this my great calamity. After many others which I have perused upon this occasion, I lately had the good fortune to meet with a little volume of sermons just published, intitled, 'Of Contentment, Patience, and

Resignation to the Will of God, in several Sermons, by Isaac Barrow, D. D.

The duty of contentment is so admirably explained, recommended, and enforced by arguments drawn from reason and religion, that it is impossible to read what he has said on this subject without being the better for it. I shall beg leave to transcribe two or three passages which more immediately affected me, as they came home to my condition.

'The death of friends doth, it may be, oppress thee with sorrow. But canst thou lose thy best friend? Canst thou lose the presence, the conversation, the protection, the advice, the succour of God? Is he not immortal, is he not immutable, is he not inseparable from thee? Canst thou be destitute of friends whilst he stands by thee? Is it not an affront, an heinous indignity, to him, to behave thyself as if thy happiness, thy welfare, thy comfort had dependence on any other but him? Is it not a great fault to be unwilling to part with any thing, when he calleth for it? Neither is it a loss of thy friend, but a separation for a small time: he is only parted from thee, as taking a little journey, or going for a small time to repose; within a while we shall be sure to meet again, and joyfully to congratulate, if we are fit, in a better place, and more happy state. *Premissimus, non amissimus*—We have sent him thither before, not quite lost him from us.

'Thy friend, if he be a good man, (and in such friendships only we can have a true satisfaction) is himself in no bad condition, and doth not want thee: thou canst not therefore reason-

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ably

ably grieve for him ; and to grieve only for thyself, is perverse selfishness and fondness.

What follows runs on in the same vein of good sense, though it is a consolation which I myself cannot make use of.

‘ But thou hast lost a great comfort of thy life, and advantage to thy affairs here. Is it truly so ? Is it indeed an irreparable loss, even including the consideration of God, whose friendship repaireth all possible loss ? What is it, I pray, that was pleasant, convenient, or useful to thee, in thy friend, which may not in good measure be supplied here ? Was it a sense of hearty good-will, was it a sweet freedom of conversation, was it sound advice, or kind assistance in thy affairs ? And mayest thou not find those which are alike able and willing to minister those benefits ? May not the same means which knit him to thee, conciliate others also to be thy friends ? He did not alone surely possess all the goodness, all the fidelity, all the wisdom in the world, nor hath carried them all away with him ? Other friends therefore thou mayest find to supply his room : all good men will be ready, if thou art good, to be thy friends ; they will heartily love thee, they will be ready to cheer thee with their sweet and wholesome society, to yield thee their best counsel and help upon any occasion. Is it not therefore a fond and unaccountable affection to a kind of personality, rather than want of a real convenience, that disturbeth thee ?

‘ In fine, the same reasons which in any other loss may comfort us, should do it also in this : neither a friend, nor any other good thing, we can enjoy under any security of not soon losing it ; our welfare is not annexed to one man, no more than to any other inferior thing. This is the condition of all good things here, to be transient and separable from us, and accordingly we should be affected towards them.

‘ *Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.*’

Give me leave to cite also, out of this great author, a very agreeable story which is taken from Julian’s Epistles, and which perhaps pleases me the more, as it is applicable to my own case.

‘ When once a great king did excessively and obstinately grieve for the

death of his wife, whom he tenderly loving, a philosopher observing it, told him, that he was ready to comfort him, by restoring her to life, supposing only that he would supply what was needful towards the performing it. The king said he was ready to furnish him with any thing. The philosopher answered, that he was provided with all things necessary except one thing. What that was, the king demanded. He replied, that if he would upon his wife’s tomb inscribe the names of three persons who never mourned, she presently would revive. The king, after enquiry, told the philosopher, that he could not find one such man. “ Why, then, O absurdest of all men ! ” said the philosopher, smiling, “ art thou not ashamed to moan as if thou hadst alone fallen into so grievous a case, when as thou canst not find one person that ever was free from such domestic affliction ? ” So might the naming one person, exempted from inconveniences like to those we undergo, be safely proposed to us as a certain cure of ours ; but if we find the condition impossible, then is the generality of the case a sufficient ground of content to us ; then may we, as the wise poet adviseth, solace our own evils by the evils of others.’

I have observed, Sir, in your writings, many hints and observations upon the most common subjects, which appeared new to me ; I should therefore beg of you to turn your thoughts upon that melancholy accident which is the occasion of this letter. If you can give me any additional motives of comfort, I shall receive them as a very great piece of charity ; and I believe you may oblige many others who are under the same kind of affliction, as well as, Sir, your most humble servant,

R. B.

This gentleman has too favourable an opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent author whom he has mentioned in his letter. That learned man always exhausts his subjects, and leaves nothing for those who come after him. He was not only a great divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient writers of morality, whose thoughts he has every where digested into his writings ; and, at the same time, had a most inexhaustible

ble fund of observation and good sense in himself. He has scarce a sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish discourses from the pulpit: for

which reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new edition of his works.

N^o XXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 27.

INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES
EMOLLIT MORES ———

OVID.

AMONG the many letters of correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with satire. I am a little tired with such ideas as the reading those performances raise in the mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my hands; and I doubt not but my readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of reflections. When, therefore, it is irksome to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing arguments. But as I told the town at my first setting out, that Mr. Severn was my favourite of all the characters which I have represented to compose our little club, mentioned in my first paper, I shall declare myself farther on this subject, by printing my letter I have writ to Mr. Severn, which he will receive to-morrow morning.

TO MR. SEVERN.

SIR,

THIS comes with a set of Latin authors, just now published by Tonsen. You see they are in twelves, and fit to be carried on occasion in the pocket. He sent me two sets, one for myself, the other for the gentleman whom I meant by Mr. Severn. You will please, therefore, to accept the present he makes you. You need not be enjoined to be partial to them as they are a gift; for, as you'll observe Mr. Maittaire has had the care of the edition, you need not be farther encouraged to recommend them to your friends and acquaintance. The learned world is very much obliged to that gentleman for his useful labours; and his elegant addresses to those to whom he dedicates the book, as well as to the reader in general, shew him a perfect master in what he undertakes, for he introduces his authors in a style as pure as their own. You know he had the good fortune to

live in the favour, and, as it were, under the patronage of the famous Dr. Busby, to whose great talents and knowledge in the genius of men we owe very great ornaments of this age, and the supply of men, of letters and capacity for many generations, or rather classes of remarkable men during his long and eminent life. I must confess, and I have often reflected upon it, that I am of opinion Busby's genius for education had as great an effect upon the age he lived in, as that of any ancient philosopher, without excepting one, had upon his contemporaries; though I do not perceive that admirable man is remembered by them, at least not recorded by them, with half the veneration he deserves. I have known great numbers of his scholars; and am confident I could discover a stranger who had been such, with a very little conversation: those of great parts, who have passed through his instruction, have such a peculiar readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste, as is seldom found in men educated elsewhere, though of equal talents; and those who were of slower capacities, have an arrogance (for learning without genius always produces that) that sets them much above greater merit that grew under any other gardener. He had a power of raising what the lad had in him to the utmost height in what nature designed him; and it was not his fault, but the effect of nature, that there were no indifferent people came out of his hands; but his scholars were the finest gentlemen, or the greatest pedants, in the age. The soil which he manured always grew fertile: but it is not in the planter to make flowers of weeds; but whatever it was, under Busby's eye, it was sure to get forward towards the use for which nature designed it.

But I forgot what I sat down to write upon, which was to hand to you these pretty volumes of Terence, Sallust, Phæ-

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drus,

drus, Lucretius, Velleius Paterculus, and Justin. But it will be said, How comes this matter to have at all a place in the Lover? Why, very properly; for to you, whose chief art in recommending yourself is to act and speak like a man of virtue and sense, that which contributes to make you wiser and better is serviceable to you, as you are a gentleman and a lover. Take my word for it, the oftener you take these books in your hand, you will find your mind the more prepared for doing the most ordinary things with a good grace and spirit; that is, the agreeable thoughts of these writers frequently employing your imagination, will naturally and insensibly affect your words and actions. It will, in a greater degree, do what good company does to all who frequent it, make you in your air and mien like those with whom you converse.

Mr. Maittaire has promised to go through the best remaining authors with the same diligence. The large indexes, which lead with so much ease to any beautiful passage one has a mind for, are of great use and pleasure: they are made with so much judgment and care, that they serve the purpose of an abbreviation of the book; and carry a secret instruction, in that they lay the sense of the author still closer in words of his own, or as good as his own. I am mighty well content with the province of being esteemed but a publisher, if I can be so happy as to quicken the passage of useful arts in the world; and I wish this paper's coming, where otherwise works of this kind would not be spoken of, may be of any use to a man who deserves so well of all lovers of learning as Mr. Maittaire. Perhaps a fond mother may,

by my means, lighten her son's satchel, and get him these little volumes, instead of the heavy load the body was before encumbered with; and her own eyes may judge, that this is a print which cannot hurt the child's.

But I must leave these ancients, and give a cast of my office to a living writer, a sister of the quill.

The sentiments and inclinations of my mind are so naturally turned to love, that it is with a great deal of pleasure I frequent the play-house, where I have often an opportunity of seeing this passion represented in all its different shapes. I have for some years been so constant a customer to the theatre, that I have got most of our celebrated plays by heart; for which reason, it is with more than ordinary pleasure that I hear the actors give out a new one. It is no small satisfaction to me, that I know we are to be entertained to-night with a comedy from the same hand that wrote *The Gamester* and *The Busy Body*. The deserved success these plays met with, is a certain demonstration that wit alone is more than sufficient to supply all the rules of art. The incidents in both those pieces are so dextrously managed, and the plots so ingeniously perplexed, as shew them at once to be the invention of a wit and a woman. The curious will observe the same happy conduct in the entertainment of this night; and as we have but one British lady who employs her genius for the drama, it would be a shameful reflection on the polite of both sexes, should she want any encouragement the town can give her. I desire your interest in her behalf, and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

N^o XXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29.

— NIHIL INVITE TRISTIS CUSTODIA PRODEST:
QUAM PECCARE PUDET, CYNTHIA, TUTA SAT EST.

PROPERT.

MY correspondents shall do my business for me to day.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Throw this letter from two pair of stairs, with half a crown with it, in an old glove, in hopes that he takes it

up (for I am watching till a porter, or some such body, passes by) will carry it to your Lodge. I have none to complain to but yourself. I am locked up for fear of making my escape to a gentleman, whose addresses I received by my father's approbation, though now his

his pretensions are disallowed for the sake of a richer man. I have no help in this miserable condition, nor means to relieve myself, but by desiring you to print the inclosed in your very next Lover. The gentleman who is to marry me, has visited me twice or thrice alone; and indeed I see such infallible marks of the most unfeigned and respectful passion towards me, that it is with great anguish I write to him in the sincerity of my heart, which I know will be a sincere affliction to him. It is no matter for a direction by his name; he reads your paper, and will too soon gather, that the circumstances of my letter can concern only himself.

SIR,

IT is a very ill return which I make to the respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the day for our marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have had at those times that we were lately left together, that some secret hung upon my mind: I was obliged to an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my mother, from a closet near the place where we sat, could both hear and see our conversation. I have strict commands from both my parents to receive you; and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no prospect of happiness but from your death. This is a confession made, perhaps, with an offensive sincerity; but that conduct is much to be preferred to a covert dislike, which could not but pall all the sweets of life, by imposing on you a companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say, my passion for the gentleman whose wife I am by promise, would lead me to any thing criminal against your honour; I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for tender endearments, and cold esteem for undeserved love. If you will, on this occasion, let reason take place of passion, I doubt not but Fate has in store for you some worthier object of your affection, in recompence of your goodness to the only woman that could be in-

sensible of your merit. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

M. H.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Am a young woman perfectly at my own liberty, two and twenty, in the height and affluence of good health, good fortune, and good humour; but, I know not how, I must acknowledge there is something solitary and distressed in the very natural condition of our sex, till we have wholly rejected all thoughts of marriage, or made our choice. The man has not yet appeared to these eyes, whom I could like for a husband. I therefore apply myself to you, to let the town know there is, not many furlongs from your Lodge, one that lives with too much ease, and is undone for want of that acceptable kind of uneasiness, the importunity of lovers. If you can send me half a dozen, I promise to take him who addresses me with most gallantry and wit, and to yield to one of them within six months after their first declaration that they are my servants; but, at the same time, I expect them to fight one another for me, and promise to be particularly civil to him who first has his arm in a scarf for my sake. I expect that they turn their fury and skill towards disarming, or slightly wounding, not killing, one another; for I shall not take it for respect to me to lessen the number of my slaves: at the same time, the conquered is to beg, and the victor is to give life, for my sake only. You must know, Sir, I value more being envied by women, than loved by men; and there is nothing proclaims a beauty so effectually, as an interview of her lovers behind Montague House. In hopes of a serenade, soon after the publication of this letter, I rest, in dull tranquillity, your most affectionate humble servant,

CLIDAMIRA.

MR. MYRTLE,

YOU must know I am one of those coxcombs who know myself to be abused, but have not resolution enough to resent it as I ought. To tell you plainly, I am a kind keeper, and know myself to be the most servile of cuckolds, for I am wronged by a woman whom I may part with when I please; but am afraid that when I please will never happen. As other people write verses and sonnets

to

to deplore the cruelty of their mistress, I could think of nothing better this morning than diverting myself, and soothing my folly by the example of men of wit who have formerly been in my condition. I was glad to meet an epigram of a gentleman I suppose your worship is acquainted with, that hit my condition; and make you a present of it, as I have improved and translated it in the janty stile of 'a man of wit and pleasure about 'the town.' Pray, allow me to call her my dear for the rhyme sake; for I never wrote verses till she vexed me.

DE INFAMIA SUÆ PUELLÆ.

'Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam;

*'Nunc ego m. surdis auribus esse velim.
'Crimina non hæc sunt nostro sine facta dolore:
'Quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.'*

'The town reports the falsehood of my dear,
'To which I cry, 'Oh that I could not hear!
'I love her still; peace, then, thou babler
"Fame,
'And let me rest contented in my shame."

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Page. Your honourable lovers have a good conscience to support you in your vexations; but we, alas—— I am your humble servant,

GILES LIMBERHAM.

Nº XXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 1.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CHARİ CAPITIS?

HOR.

THE reader may remember, that in my first paper I described the circumstances of the persons whose lives and conversations my future discourses should principally describe. Mr. Oswald, who is a widower, and in the first year of that distressed condition, having absented himself from our meetings, I went to visit him this evening. My intimacy made the servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found him leaning at a table, with a book before him; and saw, methought, a concern in him much deeper than the seriousness which arises from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has been never so weighty. He saw in me, I believe, a friendly curiosity to know what put him into that temper; and began to tell me, that he had been looking over a little collection of books of his wife's; and said, it was an inexpressible pleasure to him, that, though he thought her a most excellent woman, he found, by perusing little papers and minutes among her books, new reasons for loving her. 'This,' continued he, 'now in my hand, is the Con-

'you a notion of her merit and good sense, pray give me leave to read three or four paragraphs which she has marked with this pencil.' He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of some little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; when, to hide new reasons for loving her, (but he only discovered his grief the more) he began, in a broken voice, to read Sir Matthew's second chapter in his discourse of Religion.

'The truth and spirit of religion comes in a narrow compass, though the effect and operation thereof are large and diffusive. Solomon comprehended it in a few words, *Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.* The soul and life of religion is the fear of God, which is the principle of obedience; but obedience to his commands, which is an act or exercise of that life, is various, according to the variety of the commands of God. If I take a kernel of an acorn, the principle of life lies in it: the thing itself is but small; but the vegetable principle that lies in it takes up a less room than the kernel itself, little more than the quantity of a small pin's head, as is easy to be observed by experiment; but the exercise of that spark of life is large and comprehensive in it's operation;

tion; it produceth a great tree, and in that tree the sap, the body, the bark, the limbs, the leaves, the fruit: and so it is with the principles of true religion; the principle itself lies in a narrow compass, but the activity and energy of it is diffusive and various.

This principle hath not only productions that naturally flow from it; but where it is, it ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of tincture even to other actions that do not in their own nature follow from it, as the nature and civil actions of our lives. Under the former was our Lord's parable of a Grain of Mustard-seed; under the latter of his comparison of Leaven, just as we see in other things of nature. Take a little red wine, and drop it into a vessel of water, it gives a new tincture to the water; or, take a grain of salt, and put it into fresh liquor, it doth communicate itself to the next adjacent part of the liquor, and that again to the next, till the whole be fermented: so that small and little vital principle of the fear of God doth gradually, and yet suddenly, assimilate the actions of our life flowing from another principle. It rectifies and moderates our affections, and passions, and appetites; it gives truth to our speech, sobriety to our senses, humility to our parts, and the like.

Religion is best in its *simplicity* and *purity*; but difficult to be retained so, without superstitions and accessions; and those do commonly, in time, *stifle* and *choak* the *simplicity* of Religion, unless much care and circumspection be used. The temperations are so *many*, and so *cumberfome*, that Religion loseth its *nature*, or is strangled by them: just as a man that hath some excellent simple cordial spirit, and puts musk in it to make it smell sweet, and honey to make it taste pleasant; and, it may be, *cantharides*, to make it look glorious. Indeed, by the infusions, he hath given it a very *fine smell*, and *taste*, and *colour*; but yet he hath so *clogged* it, and *sophisticated* it with superadditions, that, it may be, he hath

altered the nature, and destroyed the virtue of it.

Here my friend could go on no farther; but, reaching to me the book itself, he leaned on the table, covering his eyes with his hands, while I read the following words on the margin: 'Grant that this superaddition which I make, may be Love and Contancy to Mr. Oswald.' No one could be unaffected with this incident; nor could I forbear falling into a kind of consolatory discourse, drawn from the satisfaction it must needs be to find new proofs of the virtue of a person he so tenderly loved: but observing his concern too quick and lively for conversation on that subject, I broke off with repeating only two distichs of Mr. Cowley to my Lady Vandyke, on the death of her husband.

Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest pair! to disagree.

I cannot but think it was a very right sentiment in this lady, to make that duty of life in which she took pleasure, the superstructure upon the motive of Religion; for nothing can mend the heart better than an honourable love, except Religion. It sweetens disasters, and moderates good fortune, from a benevolent spirit that is naturally in it, and extends itself to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived by those who are involved in libertine pleasures, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons who have left all the world in order to place their chief delight in each other; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reason, urged by religion and duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence. A deviation from the rules of such a commerce would be courting pain; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfactions, (to speak of it in the mildest terms) as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.

N^o XXX. TUESDAY, MAY 4.

DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTEIS QUÆRERE VITÆ.

LUC.

IT is a very great satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonic foot, to look calmly on, while carniverous lovers run about howling for hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted admirer is never gnawed with. The following letters give a lively representation of this matter.

MR. MYRTLE,

IF ever any man had reason to dispatch himself for love, I am the person: I am lost to all intents and purposes, though I was the happiest man in the world, and have no one to accuse but myself of my present misfortunes; and yet I am not to be accused neither. To open this riddle, you must know, Mr. Myrtle, that I am not now twenty years of age: I think that circumstance necessary to tell you, for they say the misfortune which befel me cannot happen but from the height of youth and blood. I live in the neighbourhood of a young lady of wealth, wit, and beauty. I love her to death; and she loves me with no less ardour. We have had frequent meetings by stealth, which are now interrupted by a very uncommon accident. I have a father, who can never be enough satisfied that his house is not to be burned before next morning; and for this reason, as well as, perhaps, other jealousies, insists upon the liberty of coming into my chamber when I am asleep, to see whether my candle is out. One night he stole softly in, as indeed he always does, for fear of disturbing me, when I, fast asleep, was talking of my mistress. As he has since told me, I named her; and then thought fit to go on as follows.

‘The happiness we now enjoy is
‘doubled by the secrecy of it. I will
‘come again to-morrow night; and
‘have ordered the hackney-coachman
‘to be ready to let me get up to your
‘window at the hour appointed. Be
‘ready to throw up the sash when I
‘tinkle with a piece of money at the

‘glass. Your letters I keep always in
‘a box under my bed, and my father
‘can never come at them. Pray be sure
‘to write; for the day-time ’tis mighty
‘sad should be troubled with the im-
‘pertinence and bustle of the world,
‘and we never to meet or hear from
‘each other but at midnight.’

The old gentleman took my key out of my pocket, and by that means made himself master of my papers; and in an high point of honour, the next day told the parents of my mistress the danger their daughter was in of being carried off by his son, who had no pretensions to a woman of her fortune, though he can do very handsomely for me.

This matter has been very indiscreetly managed by both our parents; the servants, and consequently the neighbourhood, have the story amongst them, and the innocentest woman in the world is at the mercy of busy tongues. Now, Sir, I am not to judge of the actions of my father; but, as he has a longer purse than he will own, I desire you would lay before him, that he did not come at my secret fairly; and that he ought, since he goes upon punctilios, to have made no use of what he arrived at by the infirmity of a troubled imagination. He says indeed for himself, that he had this thought in his head; and therefore, had I owned the thing to him when he taxed me, without shewing my mistress’s letters, he should have been obliged, by the manner of getting the secret, to have kept it; but since I had not owned it, had I not been confronted by her letters, which he got by taking my key out of my pocket, I am under the same degree of favour as a man who committed any other crime would have been who had betrayed himself in the same manner. Mr. Myrtle, you are a great casuist; and you see what a jumble of unhappy circumstances I am involved in, which I desire you to extricate me from by your best advice, which will come very seasonably to two families who are much your friends, among whom none so much

as

as the lady concerned in the story; and where she approves, you have an admirer in, Sir, your most humble servant,

ULYSSES TRANSMARINUS.

I have notice given me, that I must cross the seas for this business; but I am resolved to stay, at least in the same nation with my fair one, till I hear farther.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1714.

MR. MYRTLE,

YOU'LL oblige extremely your most humble servant inserting this in your next Lover.

MADAM,

DEATH would have been welcomer than your letter in Thursday's Lover; for I must survive the misery that would have ended. Your *sincerity* is so far from being *offensive*, that my passion (were it now lawful to indulge it) is greater for you; and I cannot better prove the truth of mine than by *refusing you*, and making you as happy in *your choice*, as with *you* would have been the most unfortunate

TO MR. MYRTLE.

SIR,

THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes it her business to disturb every body that passes by with her beauty. She runs to the window when she has a mind to do mischief; and then, when a body looks up at her, she runs back, though she came there on purpose. Her hands and arms, you must know, are very fine; for that reason she never lets them be unemployed, but is feeding a squirrel, and catching people that pass by all day long. She has a way of heaving out of the window to see something, so that one who stands in the street just over-against her is taken with her side face; one that is coming down fixes his eyes at the pole of her neck till he stumbles; and one

coming up the street is fixed stock-still by her eyes. She won't let any body go by in peace. I am confident, if you went that way yourself, she would pretend to get you from Mrs. Page. As for my own part, I fear her not; but there are several of our neighbours whose sons are taken in her chains, and several good women's husbands are always talking of her; and there is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take some course with her; for she takes a delight in doing all this mischief. It would be right to lay down some rules against her; or, if you please, to appoint a time to come and speak to her: it would be a great charity to our street, especially to, Sir, your most humble servant,

ANTHONY EYELID.

SIR,

HERE is a young gentlewoman in our street, that I do not know at all, who looked full in my face, and then looked as if she was mistaken, but looked so pretty, that I can't forget her: she does something or other to every one that passes by. I thought I would tell you of her. Yours,

CH. BUSY.

SIR,

HRE is a young woman in our street that looks often melancholy out of the window, as if she saw nobody, and nobody saw her, she is so intent. But she can give an account of every thing that passes, and does it to way-lay young men. Pray say something about her. Yours, unknown,

TALL-BOY GAPESEED.

SIR,

THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes people, with bundles on their backs, stand as if they had none; and those who have none stand as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the town, for she interrupts business. Yours,

RALPH DOODLE.

N^o XXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 6.

RIDET HOC, INQUAM, VENUS IPSA; RIDENT
SIMPLICES NYMPHÆ, FERUS ET CUPIDO,
SEMPER ARDENTES ACUENS SAGITTAS.

COTE CROENTA.

HOR.

LONDON, MAY 4.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Remember, some time ago, that I heard a gentleman, who often talked out of a book, speak of a king that was so fond of his wife, that his mind overflowed with the happiness he had in the possession of her beauties. I remember it was just so that talking fellow expressed himself; but all that I want of his story is, that he shewed his queen naked from a chink in the bed-chamber; and that the queen, finding this out, resented it so highly, that she, after mature deliberation, thought fit to plot against her husband, and married the man to whom he had exposed her person. I have but a puzzled way of telling a story; but this circumstance, among such great people, may give you some thoughts upon an accident of the like kind, which happened to me, a man of middle rank.

There is a very gay, pleasant young lady, whom I was well acquainted with, and had long known, as being an intimate of my sister's. We were, the other day, riding out; the women and men on single horses; it happened that this young lady and I out-rid the company, and in the avenue of the wood between Hampstead and Highgate her horse threw her full upon her head. She is a quick-witted girl; and finding chance had discovered more of her beauty than ever she designed to favour me with, she in an instant lay on the turf in a decent manner, as in a trance, before I could alight and come to her assistance. I fell in love with her when she was top-sy-turvy, and from that instant professed myself her servant. She always laughed, and turned off the discourse, and said she thought it must be so. The whole family were mightily amazed how this declaration came all of a sudden; and why, after two or three years intimacy, not a word, and yet now I am so very eager. Well, the father had no exception to me, and the wedding-day was named; when,

all of a sudden, the father has sent my mistress to a distant relation in the country, and I am discarded. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is to insert this, that her father may understand what she meant, when she said—'I shall be ashamed to be the wife of any other man;' and what I meant, when I said that—'I know more of her already than any other husband, perhaps, ever may.' These expressions were let drop when the father shewed some signs of parting us; and I appeal to you, whether, according to nice rules, she is not to prefer me to all others. This is a serious matter in its consequences, and I won't be choused; therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly submitted by, Sir, your most unfortunate, humble servant,

TIM. PIP.

TO MR. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

OBSERVING you play the casuist, like the doctor, now often descend even to the letter-carrier, for the service of Lovers, I am apt to think my present condition brings me within your cognizance, and countenances this application. Sir, I ever was a great admirer of a single state; and my chief study has been to collect encomiums in its favour, and instances of unhappy marriages to confirm me. I never could think myself the sad half of a man, or that my tears wanted doubling. The best exercise I ever performed at school was a translation of Juvenal's sixth Satire. I remember my master said, smiling—'Sarah, you will die a batchelor.' Since I came to man's estate, I have every day talked over, with little variation, the common-place sayings against matrimony: I believe they have been more constant than my prayers. I must now, Sir, acquaint you how I became disarmed of those principles in an instant, and how other thoughts took place;

place; so that I beg leave hereby to recant, and protest against those damnable doctrines. And further, I humbly beseech all ladies with whom I converse, to bestow on me the encouragement which new and true converts generally meet with. I was riding in the country last spring: of all the days in the week, it was upon a Tuesday; when, on a sudden, I heard a voice which guided my sight to two young women unknown to me; they were negligently, I won't say meanly, dressed, had large stiffs in their hands, and were followed by spaniels and greyhounds. One, whom I now see with the lover's telescope, wore a bonnet; on her I cast my eyes till the brightness of her's made them fail me; that is, I have seen nothing in it's true light since. I am a piece of a scholar, yet am not able, Mr. Myrle, to affirm what I saw, and how this object struck the organs of my body, affected my soul and mind, and produced this lasting idea. The old philosophers, you know, attributed a soul to the loadstone, when they could not find out the reason of it's union to iron. Whence shall I deduce the cause of my condition? Shall I speak of an impulse, pressure of insensible particles, secret power, destiny, the stars, magic?

or shall I say, in the lawyers term, that every feature had it's copies? or must I mention occult quality, or, as the gentleel would translate it, *je ne sçai quoy*? I should have told you I was a hunting when I saw this object; that, when it fled, my good-spirited gelding refused the gate that parted us, and run away with me. This was as good as a second game; for I, who before was the greatest sportsman in the country, have ever since haunted the woods to sigh, not to halloo. In lonely shades by day, and moonshine walks by night, (the ever by my side) I have found my only pleasure. This condition I have suffered for a long series of time; but, wandering in the same wood, I saw a country girl in the same bonnet in which I formerly beheld my great calamity: I followed her, and found the abode of her for whom I languish. *Ma Charmante* is your constant reader, who hereby will have some notion of me and my name. I crave, Sir, your assistance herein; and (to ease yourself of another troublesome letter) your advice, in case of a denial to wait upon her. I have abundance more to say; but desire you to say it to yourself in behalf of, Sir, your enamoured humble servant.

N^o XXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 8.

Εἰς ἀναγνώσκειν τοῦ ἀντιγράφοι.

ARISTOT.

THE task which I have enjoined myself in these papers, is to describe Love in all it's shapes: to warn the unwary of those rocks, upon which so many in all ages have split formerly, do split still, and will split hereafter, as long as men and women shall be what they now are; and to delineate the true and unfeigned delight which virtuous minds feel in the enjoyment of their lawful and warranted passions. This task, the farther I go, I find grows the more upon my hands. The dreadful effects which have attended irregular pursuits in this way, have led some shallow philosophers to arraign that as simply unlawful, or at least as unbecoming a wise man, which is certainly one of the first and fundamental laws of nature; and they have seemed to look upon that as a curse which, rightly managed, is the greatest blessing which our

Creator has given us here below; and which is, in truth—

That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

Yet, on the other hand, when (comparatively speaking) so very many miscarry in this particular, more than in any other single circumstance belonging to human life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord Brooke, in his *Alaham*—

O wearisome condition of mortality,
Born to one law, and to another bound!
Vainly begotten, yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound!
If Nature, sure, did not delight in blood,
She would have found more easy ways to good.

But since complaints under most pressures avail but little; since in every species

cies of actions there is a right and a wrong, which circumstances only can determine; since our Maker (for greater reasons than those which our laws ascribe to our princes) cannot possibly do any wrong, or, as the divines speak, cannot be the author of sin; since what was essential to human nature before the Fall, is in itself most certainly good, when rightly pursued; and since one may observe that mistakes and false steps in this matter meet with harsher censures, and are often more severely punished in this world, than many other crimes which seem to be of a higher nature; I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to present the public with my thoughts concerning the real differences between the several sorts of evil actions, as I shall find opportunity, and as my importunate correspondents, who are often in haste, and who must not be disobliged, will give me leave.

One method, as I take it, to induce men to avoid any evil, is to know not only wherein it consists, but how great it is. The Stoics of old pretended that all sins were equal; that it was as great a crime to steal a pin, as to rob upon the road. When their wise man was once out of his way, he lost his pretensions to wisdom; and when those were gone, whatsoever he did or said afterwards, in that state of aberration, it was all one: sins were sins; and where the essence was the same, the degrees mattered little. This contradicts human nature, and common sense; and the laws of all nations distinguish, in the punishments which they inflict, between crimes, as they are more or less pernicious to the society in and against which they are committed. That God does so too, we need not question. The Judge of the whole earth must certainly do right. When we know wherein the true greatness of every sin consists, we shall be able to judge of our own faults, and sometimes of the faults of others; we shall see why we ought to avoid them where there is room for compassion; and where punishment is necessary, we may be sure then to be severe in the right place; and, by knowing how and when to forgive, may sometimes raise those that are sinking, and often save those from utter destruction, who, if abandoned, would be irrecoverably lost. This is a large, and,

I think, an useful theme; and it is what I have not seen sufficiently enlarged upon in those books of morality which have come in my way. Now, if in my inquiries I have an eye all along to the Christian institution, and take a view of the sins and irregularities of mankind in such a light as is consistent with the practice of our Saviour and his apostles, I hope the softer and politer part of my readers will not be, upon that account, disgusted.

The aggravation of all crimes is to be estimated either from the persons injured or offended, or from the intrinsic malice from whence those injuries and offences proceed. All offences are against either our Maker, our neighbour, or ourselves. Offences against our Maker have this particular aggravation, that they are committed against the Person to whom we have the greatest obligations, and consequently do more immediately contradict the light of our own conscience. The obligations of our original being, and of our constant preservation during the whole course of our lives, which takes in all the blessings that we daily receive from him, are so peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly being. For though we may, and do hourly, receive advantages from our fellow-creatures, yet those advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whose good providence those fellow-creatures are enabled to do us good. And besides, the good they do us is as much for their sakes as for ours; since the advantages they receive from us, and those we receive from them, are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him; and, upon that score, he has a title to our obedience, and that implicit, when once we are satisfied it is he that commands. This makes *Idolatry* to be so crying a sin, because it is a communication of that honour to the creature, (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no possible title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account also *Irreligion* and *Atheism* are still worse, because they tear up all religion by the roots; and all service and worship is denied to Him, to whom the utmost service and worship is justly due. This is so plain, that it needs neither enlargement nor proof.

The second degree of offences, is of those

those which are committed against our neighbours. They are equally God's creatures as ourselves, and have an equal title to his protection, and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences against them may be comprehended under one common title of *Injustice*: and what divines usually call *Sins* against the *Second Table*, are, if strictly examined, but so many sorts of injuries against our neighbours. The pains, the care, the trouble, and, above all, the love, of parents, demand honour from their children; and therefore, when they do not meet with it, they are injured. This shews the justice of the fifth Commandment. To take away our neighbour's life, is the greatest injury which can be done him, because it is absolutely irreparable. Next to that, are injuries done to his bed, and for the same reason too. The goods we enjoy are the means of our subsistence here; and he that against our wills takes them from us, does, more or less, according to the greatness of our loss, deprive us of our subsistence. This shews the justness of the sixth, seventh, and eighth Commandments. And since none of those things to which, by the original grant from our common Maker, we have a just title, are secure, if calumny and false accusations are once allowed; therefore false witnessing is also forbidden in the ninth Commandment. And since a desire of possessing what is not our own, and what we see others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead men to as many sorts of injustice as there are sorts of desires; therefore coveting what is not our own, is

fenced against by the tenth Commandment.

By this detail it plainly appears why I set offences against our neighbours in the second place. When God gave the Ten Commandments, he mentioned no offences but those against himself and our neighbours; and left the sins which are immediately against ourselves (which are properly sins of intemperance) to be forbidden by other laws.

But then, though sins against ourselves ought, with respect to their guilt, (which is what I here propose to consider) to be reckoned last; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not sins, and consequently do not deserve punishment. Whatsoever disables us in any measure from doing our duty to God or our neighbour, is so far an *injustice* towards them, and robs them of their due, and is so far a crime. I say, an *injustice*, because, as I said before, all faults, in my opinion, are ultimately to be referred to that. Even *uncharitableness* is *injustice*: because our common Creator, who has made us all liable to want, and consequently under a necessity of desiring assistance, expects we should be helpful to one another, because he is good to us. And when Aristotle says, in those words that are the motto of this paper, that *all virtues are contained in justice*, he states the true notion of good and evil; and it is as applicable to virtues considered in a Christian light, as in a natural one. This, then, is the first rule by which we are to weigh the different degrees of good and evil.

Nº XXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY II.

—ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT—

VIRG.

I Went the other day down the River, and dined with some virtuosi friends at Greenwich. The purpose of the gentleman who invited us was, to entertain us with a sight of that famous Cieling in the Great Hall in Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious countryman Mr. Thornhill, who has executed a great and noble design with a masterly hand, and uncommon genius. The regularity, symmetry, boldness, and prominence of the figures, are not to be described; nor is it in the power of words to raise too

great an idea of the work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain account of it.

IN the middle of the cieling (which is above 106 feet long, and 56 feet wide, and near 50 feet high) is a very large oval frame, painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickness rising in the inside, to throw up the figures to the greater height: the oval is fastened to a great sustent, adorned with roses, in imitation

imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantic figures of slaves, four on each side, as though they were carved in stone. Between the figures, thrown in heaps in a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in mézorelievo; as anchors, cables, rudders, masts, sails, blocks, capstans, sea-guns, sea-carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, stretchers, colours, ensigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, small arms, granadoes, powder barrels, fire arrows, grappling irons, cross staves, quadrants, compasses, &c. All in stone colours, to give the greater beauty to the rest of the cieling, which is more significant.

About the Oval in the inside are placed the twelve signs of the Zodiac; the six northern signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the north side of the oval; and the six southern signs, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces are to the south, with three of them in a groupe which compose one quarter of the year. The signs have their attitudes; and their draperies are varied and adapted to the seasons they possess*; as the cool, the blue, and the tender green, to the Spring; the yellow to the Summer; the red and flame-colour to the Dog Days and Autumnal Season; and the white and cold to the Winter: likewise the fruits and the flowers of every season, as they succeed each other.

In the middle of the Oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a Throne, under a great pavilion or purple canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice.

Over the Queen's head is Concord, with the Fasces; at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement, with Cupid holding the king's sceptre, while he is presenting Peace with the Lamb and Olive-branch, and Liberty, expressed by the Athenian Cap, to Europe, who laying her crown

at his feet, receives them with an air of respect and gratitude. The king tramples Tyranny under his feet; which is expressed by a French personage, with his leaden crown falling off; his chains, yoke, and iron sword, broken to pieces; cardinal's cap, triple-crowned mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath, is Time, bringing Truth to light; near which is a figure of Architecture, holding a large drawing of part of the Hospital, with the Cupola, and pointing up to the royal founders, attended by the little Genii of her art. Beneath her is Wisdom and Heroic Virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules destroyed in Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other vices, which seem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

Over the royal pavilion is shewn, at a great height, Apollo in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, attended by the Horæ, and morning dews falling before him, going his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiac; and from him the whole Plafond, or cieling, is enlightened.

Each end of the Cieling is raised in perspective, with a balustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groupes of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery, (as though on the stock) going into the upper hall, is seen in perspective, the Tafferil of the Blenheim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c. to one side of which is a figure of Victory flying, with spoils taken from the enemy, and putting them aboard the English man of war. Before the ship is a figure representing the City of London, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by Thame and Isis with other small rivers offering up their treasures to her. The River Tyne pouring forth sacks of coals. In the gallery on each side the ship, are the arts and sciences that relate to navigation, with the great Archime-

* Aries is of a turbulent aspect, with little winds and rains hovering about him; his drapery of a bluish green, shadowed with dark russet, to denote the changeableness of the weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June a calm red; July more reddish; and, as he leans upon his lion, veils a little from the sun. Virgo, almost naked, and flying from the heat of the sun; Libra in deep red; Scorpio veils himself from the scorching sun in a flame-colour mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot. December, or Capricorn, bluish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, presides Flora. Over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, presides Ceres. Over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus. And over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a brazen pot of fire.

des, many old philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is the stern of a beautiful galley filled with Spanish trophies: under which is the Humber, with his pigs of lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her; with other lesser rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature: near him is Copernicus, with his Pythagorean system in his hand; next to him is an old mathematician, holding a large table, and on it are described two principal figures of the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the south, is our learned Mr. Flamsteed, Reg. Astronom. Profess. with his ingenious disciple, Mr. Thomas Weston. In Mr. Flamsteed's hand is a large scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the sun that will happen on April 1715. Near him is an old man with a pendulum, counting the seconds of time, as Mr. Flamsteed makes his observations with his great mural arch and tube on the descent of the moon on the Severn, which at certain times forms such a roll of the tides as the sailors corruptly call the Higre, instead of the Ea-

ger, and is very dangerous to all ships in it's way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling down by the moon's influence into the Severn. In this gallery are more arts and sciences relating to navigation.

All the great rivers, at each end of the hall, have their proper product of fish issuing out of their vases.

In the four great angles of the Ceiling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four Elements, as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune; with their lesser deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper attitudes, &c.

At one end of the great Oval, is a large figure of Fame descending, riding on the winds, and sounding forth the praises of the Royal Pair.

All the sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted pilasters, trophies of shells, corals, pearls; and the jambs of the windows ornamented with roses impannelled, or the *opus reticulatum*, heightened with green gold.

The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion.

N. B. Sir James Bateman was the first proposer and the first benefactor to this Ceiling.

N° XXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 13.

—WAKING LIFE APPEARS A DREAM.

ROSAMOND.

REPROACH is of all things the most painful to Lovers, especially to us of the Platonic kind. This makes it excessively grievous to me, that a paper, though a very dull one, called the Monitor, accuses me of writing obscenely. He is a stupid fellow, and does not understand, that the same object, according to the artist who represents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked figures, by a masterly hand, are so drawn, sometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodest thoughts, I have, in my paper of May the 6th, spoken of an amour that owes it's beginning, and makes itself necessary to be lawfully consummated, from an accident of a lady's falling topsy-turvy; upon which this

heavy rogue says—'Is this suffered in a Christian country?'—Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when such awkward tools as he pretend to meddle with the same subject. None but persons extremely well-bred ought to touch ladies petticoats; but I aver, that I have said nothing to offend the most chaste and delicate, and all who read that passage may be very innocent; and the lady of the story may be a very good Christian, though she did not in her appearance differ from an Heathen, when she fell upon her head. We who follow Plato, or are engaged in the high passion, can see a lady's ankle with as much indifference as her wrist: we are so inwardly taken up, that the same ideas do not spring

spring in our imaginations, as do with the common world; we are made gentle, soft, courteous, and harmless, from the force of the *belle* passion; of which coarse dunces, with an appetite for women, like that they have for beef, have no conception.

As I gave an account the other day of my passing a day at Greenwich, with much delight, in beholding a piece of painting of Mr. Thornhill's which is an honour to our nation; I shall now give an account of my passing, yesterday morning, an hour before dinner, in a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good taste. They will certainly be well pleased, for they will have unavoidable opportunities of seeing what they most like, in the most various and agreeable shapes and positions; I mean, their own dear selves. The place I am going to mention is Mr. Gumley's Glass Gallery, over the New Exchange. I little thought I should ever, in the Lover, have occasion to talk of such a thing as Trade; but when a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in the manufacture of glass in thirty years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations who are possessed of mines of gold are but drudges to a people whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the shop of the world. We are arrived at such perfection in this ware of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle, by all the cost and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modest computation, that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations; the whole owing to the inquisitive and mechanic, as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are as unlikely to produce it as one would suppose a man could burn common earth to a tulip, opens a field of contemplation which would lead me too far from my purpose, which is only to celebrate the agreeable economy of placing the several wares to

sale, in the Gallery of which I am talking. No imagination can work up a more pleasing assemblage of beautiful things, to set off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midst of the walk are set in order a long row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets inlaid, or wholly made of corals, conchs, ambers, or the like parts of matter, which Nature seems to have formed wholly to shew the beauty of her works, and to have thrown and distinguished from the mass of earth, as she does by great gifts and endowments those spirits and persons of men and women whom she designs to make instruments of great consideration in the crowd of her people. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my companion, that this method was not taken up when the Indian kings were lately in England. The surprize such appearances as these would put them into, would have been as great as a new sense added to one of us. To see the things about us so placed, as that three or four persons can to the eye, in an instant, become a large assembly! You cannot move, or do any the least indifferent action, in a limb or part of your body, but you vary the scene around with additional pleasure. Among other circumstances, I could not but be pleased to see a lap-dog at a loss, for an instant, for his lady, and beginning to run to the image of her in a glass, till he was driven back by himself, whom he saw running towards him. The poor animal corrected his mistake, by tracing her footsteps by his sense, less subject to mistake, and arrived at her feet, to the no small diversion of the company who saw it, and the envy of several fine gentlemen, whom the odd accident diverted from looking at themselves, to behold the beautiful Bellamira.

It would be an arrogance to pretend to convey distinctly by the ear a pleasure that should come in at the eye; but my gentle reader will thank me for many pleasing thoughts he or she had not ever had before, in a place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a foreign nation. About forty years ago, it was the fashion for all the gallants of the town, the wits and the braves, to walk in the New Exchange below, to shew themselves. What an happiness

happinefs have thofe whofe fortunes and humours are capable of receiving gratifications in this place, that fuch a fcene was difplayed in their life-time! The learned have not more reafon to rejoice that they live in the fame days with

Newton, than the gay, the delicate, and the curious in luxury of drefs and furniture, have, that there has appeared in their time my honeft friend, and polite director of artificers, Mr. Gumley.

N° XXXV. SATURDAY, MAY 15.

— 'TIS CONFEST,
THE MEN WHO FLATTER HIGHEST, PLEASE US BEST.
HELEN TO PARIS—OVID'S EPISTLES.

I Shall make the following letters the entertainment of this day; and recommend the contents of the firft in a more particular manner to the ferious confideration of all my female readers.

DEAR MARMADUKE,

THOUGH you have treated the fair fex with an air of diftinction fuitable to the character you bear, I prefume you will make no fcruple to admonifh them of any faults, by the amendment of which they may ftill become more amiable. What I complain to you of, is from my own experience. My cafe is this.

Miranda is in the bloom of fixteen, and fhines in all the beauties of her fex. Her face, her fhape, her mien, her wit, furprife and engage all who have the happinefs to know her. Miranda is the idol of my heart, the object of all my hopes and fears. None of her actions are indifferent to me; every look and motion gives me either pleafure or pain. I have omitted no reasonable methods to convince her of the greatnefs of my paffion; yet, as fhe is one with whom I propofe to pafs the remainder of my life, I cannot forbear mixing the fincerity of the friend with the tendernefs of the lover. In fhort, Sir, I am one of thofe unfortunate men who think young women ought to be treated like rational creatures. I forbear, therefore, to launch out into all the ufual exceffes of flattery and romance; to make her a goddefs, and myfelf a madman; to give up all my fenfes and reafon to be moulded and informed as fhe thinks proper.

From hence arife all our differences. Miranda is one of thofe fashionable ladies, who, expecting an implicit faith from their admirers, are impatient and affronted at the leaft fhew of contradiction.

As fhe was lately reading the works of a celebrated author, who has thought

fit to reprefent himfelf in his writings under the character of an old man, fhe was pleafed to obferve, that it was very uncommon to fee a perfon at fourfcore have fo lively a fancy, and fo brisk an imagination. I could not help informing her, upon this occafion, that I had frequently had the honour to drink a glafs with the gentleman; and that, to my certain knowledge, he was not yet turned of forty. Inftead of thanking me for fetting her right in this particular, fhe immediately took fire, and asked me with a frown, Whether that was my breeding to contradict a lady? You muft know, Sir, this queftion ufually puts an end to all our difputes. A little while after fhe defired my opinion of her lap-dog; and I had no fooner unfortunately obferved that his ears were fomewhat of the fhorteft, than fhe roundly asked me, Whether I defigned that for a compliment? I took the freedom from hence, in an honeft plain way, to expofe the weaknefs and folly of being delighted with flattery, to tell her that ladies ought not always to be complimented, to enumerate the inconveniences it often leads them into, to make her fenfible of the ill defigns men generally aim at by it, and the mean opinion they muft entertain of thofe who are delighted with it. All this would not do; I could not get one kind look from her that night.

I have told you already, that I have ufed all reasonable methods to convince her of my paffion; and I am fure I have the preference in her efteem to all other pretenders. She knows I love; and, in fpite of all her arts to hide it, I know I am beloved: yet, from thefe little differences, and a certain coquet humour which makes her delight to fee her lover uneafy, though at the fame time fhe torments herfelf, I have often defpaired of our ever coming together. I thought

K however,

however, the following verses, which I presented to her yesterday, made some impression on her; and if she sees you think them tolerable enough to allow them a place in your paper, I am in hopes they may help to hasten the happy day.

I.

TELL me, Miranda, why should I
Lament and languish, pine and die;
While you, regardless of my pain,
Seem pleas'd to hear your slave complain?

II.

Dame Eve, unskill'd in female arts,
And modern ways of tort'ring hearts,
No sooner saw her spark than lov'd,
Confess'd her flame, and his approv'd.

III.

Nature still breaks through all disguise,
Glows in your cheeks, and rules your eyes:
Love trembles in your hands and heart;
Your panting breaths proclaim his dart.

IV.

No more, Miranda, then, be coy,
No longer keep us both from joy;
No longer study to conceal
What all your actions thus reveal.

I am, dear Marmaduke, your most
obedient humble servant.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Send you the inclosed letter, which I
have lately received from a young
Templar, who is my humble servant. I

desire you would inform me whether
what he asserts be law or equity. His
letter runs thus.

MADAM,

HAPPENING lately to be in com-
pany with a venerable lady who
has a very large fortune, I was so com-
plaisant as to ask her if she would allow
me to do her the honour to make her a
wife. She was so kind as to ask me
again, whether I was in jest or earnest.
Upon my repeating the question, she re-
turned my civility, and told me she
thought I was mad. But upon my third
application she consented; that is, she
told me positively she would never have
me. This I take for an absolute pro-
mise, having been frequently informed,
that women's answers in such cases are
to be interpreted backwards.

I have consulted a proctor in Doctors
Commons, who seems to be of opinion
that it has the full force of a contract;
and that, having witness of it, I might
recover half her fortune, should she offer
to marry any one else.

I mention this, Madam, not only to
let you see that I can have the same en-
couragement elsewhere which you give
me, but to admonish you how much care
you ought to take of promising any
other man marriage, by declaring posi-
tively that you will never have him, ex-
cept your most obedient, humble servant,

TOM TRUELOVE.

N° XXXVI. TUESDAY, MAY 18.

CONCUBITU PROHIBERE VAGO— HOR.

I Have heard it objected, by several
persons, against my papers, that they
are apt to kindle love in young hearts,
and enflame the sexes with a desire for
one another: I am so far from denying
this charge, that I shall make no scruple
to own it is the chief end of my writing.
Love is a passion of the mind, (perhaps
the noblest) which was planted in it by
the same hand that created it. We
ought to be so far, therefore, from en-
deavouring to root it out, that we should
rather make it our business to keep it
up and cherish it. Our chief care must
be to fix this, as well as our other pas-
sions, upon proper objects, and to direct
it to a right end.

For this reason, as I have ever shewn
myself a friend to honourable love, I
have constantly discountenanced all vi-
cious passions. Though the several sorts
of these are each of them highly criminal,
yet that which leads us to defile another
man's bed is by far the blackest dye.

The excellent author of *The Whole
Duty of Man* has given us a very lively
picture of this crime, with all those me-
lancholy circumstances that must ne-
cessarily attend it. One must, indeed,
wonder to see it punished so lightly
among civilized nations, when even the
most barbarous have regarded it with
the utmost horror and detestation. I
was lately entertained with a story to this
purpose,

purpose, which was told me by one of my friends, who was himself upon the place when the thing happened.

IN an out-plantation, upon the borders of Potuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was master of a great number of negro slaves. The increase of these poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born slaves; for which reason the owners are very well pleased when any of them marry. Among these negroes there happened to be two who had always lived together, and contracted an intimate friendship, which went on for several years in an uninterrupted course. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was intire; distrust and suspicion were passions they had no notion of. The one was a batchelor; the other married to a slave of his own complexion, by whom he had several children. It happened that the head of this small family rose early one morning, on a leisure day, to go far into the woods a hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with some provisions better than ordinary. The batchelor slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a passion for his friend's wife; which, from the sequel of the story, we may conclude he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The impatience of his desires prompted him to take this opportunity of the husband's absence to practise upon the weakness of the woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than usual, returned, some hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the spoils of the day, and full of the pleasing thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his family, over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his shed, the first objects that struck his eyes were his wife and his friend asleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the passions of human nature will easily conceive the astonishment, the rage, and the despair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once; he burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and tore his hair like one distracted. His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple, whose shame and confusion were equal to the agonies of the injured.

After a considerable pause of silence on both sides, he expostulated with his friend in terms like these: 'My wrongs are greater than I am able to express, and far too great for me to bear. My wife — but I blame not her. After a long and lasting friendship, exercised under all the hardships and severities of a most irksome captivity; after mutual repeated instances of affection and fidelity, could I suspect my friend, my bosom friend, should prove a traitor? I thought myself happy even in bondage, in the enjoyment of such a friend and such a wife; but cannot bear the thoughts of life with liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at rest. Live, and enjoy your crime. Adieu!' Having said this, he turned away, and went out, with a resolution to die immediately. The guilty negro followed him, touched with the quickest sense of remorse for his treachery. 'Tis I alone,' said he, 'that am guilty; and I alone who am not fit to live! Let me intreat you to forgive your wife, who was overcome by my importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least disquiet for the future: live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this night, and to-morrow you shall be satisfied.' Here they both wept, and parted. When the husband went out in the morning to his work, the first thing he saw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabin-door.

If the wretches of this nation, who set up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorse of this poor slave upon the like occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

Methinks there should be a general confederacy amongst all honest men to exclude from society, and to brand with the blackest note of infamy, those miscreants, who make it the business of their lives to get into families, and to estrange the affections of the wife from the husband. There is something so very base and so inhuman in this modish wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest liberty of the Ancient Comedy were restored; and that offenders in this kind might be exposed by their names

in our public theatres. Under such a discipline, we should see those who now glory in the ruin of deluded women, reduced to withdraw themselves from the just resentments of their countrymen and fellow-citizens,

N^o XXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 20.

WHAT PAINS, WHAT RACKING THOUGHTS HE PROVES,
WHO LIVES REMOV'D FROM HER HE LOVES!

CONGREVE.

MY own unhappy passion for Mrs. Page has made me extremely sensible of all the distresses occasioned by love. I have often reflected what could be the cause that, while we see the most worthless part of mankind every day succeeding in their attempts; while we see those wretches, whose hearts are utterly incapable of this noble passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the caresses of the fair; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest flames which have been kindled in the breasts of men of sense and merit, have seldom met with a due return.

As the thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think that Providence, never designing we should fix our thoughts of happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a share of it as we must necessarily do in the enjoyment of an object on which all the passions of our soul have been placed, and to which all the faculties of our mind have been long aspiring.

It is certain, however, that, without having recourse to a superior power, there are several accidents which naturally happen on these occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good account why the greatest passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed by a celebrated French writer, that it is much easier for a man to succeed who only feigns a passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in love. The first is still master of himself, and can watch all the turns and revolutions in the temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own passion to attend to any thing else; it is with difficulty he can even persuade himself to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and that his conceptions are too tender to be

expressed by words. The fair, generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the value they ought to put upon such a passion, nor consider how strong that love must be which shall throw the most eloquent into the utmost confusion before them. Flavia is an unhappy instance of what I am observing. She was courted at once by Tom Trifle and Octavio. The first could entertain her with his love with the same indifference he talked on any other occasion, and with great serenity of mind make a digression from what he was saying, either to play with her lap-dog, or give his opinion of a suit of knots. Octavio, when fortune favoured him with an opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck speechless in the midst of a sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her hand and dropping a tear. Flavia having duly weighed the merit of both, married Trifle. His unkindness to her after marriage, his inability for any thing of business, and carelessness in relation to his fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy circumstances, that she had long since sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the interest and assistance of the generous Octavio.

But besides the reasons I have already assigned for the ill success of the most deserving passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the unhappiness of too many women of fortune and merit (from a distrust of their own judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the direction of others, and rely too much on those friendships they have contracted with some of their own sex. These female acquaintance either immediately form some design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other proposal is discouraged; or from a spice of envy, too incident to the sex, cannot endure to see them ardently beloved,

loved, or think of having them pass their days in the arms of a man who they are sensible would make it the business of his life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the subject of my present paper by the unhappy passion of poor Philander. Philander, though of an age which the greatest part of our youth think fit to waste in all the excesses of luxury and debauchery, has laid it out in furnishing his mind with the most noble and manly notions of wisdom and virtue. He has not, at the same time, forgot to make himself master of all those little accomplishments which the polite have agreed to think necessary for a well-bred man; and is equally qualified for the most important affairs, or the most gay conversation. A perfect knowledge of the world has made him for a long time look with the utmost contempt on that insipid part of the female sex who are skilled in nothing but dress and vanity. His heart remained untouched amidst a thousand beauties, till a particular accident first brought him to the knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous Emilia. Emilia, with a fortune that might command the vanities of life, has shewn that she has a mind infinitely above them. Her

beauty serves but as the varnish to her virtues; while, with a graceful innocence peculiar to her, she declares that, if ever she becomes a wife, she has no ambition to be a gaudy slave, but shall prefer substantial happiness to empty shew. Philander saw and loved her with a passion equal to so much desert: his birth and fortune must have entitled him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his love given the alarm to the designs of a she-friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the case is doubtful; but the malicious creature, who takes it upon her to be Emilia's directress, is foolish enough to charge Philander with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous. As I am a constant patron to virtuous love, I am in hopes, however, that should this paper reach Emilia, she will be so just to herself, to be her own judge in a cause of this consequence; since, as a celebrated author observes, it is very certain that a generous and constant passion, in an agreeable lover, is the greatest blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her sex; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

N^o XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 22.

— — — — — SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR.

OVID.

I Shall make this paper consist of one or two letters. The first is from Philander to Emilia; but was probably intercepted by the good-natured directress whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much love and sincerity through the whole, as must have affected the most stubborn temper.

PHILANDER, TO EMILIA.

MADAM,

IF you judge of my passion only by what I said, when I had lost the honour to see you, you very much injure a heart like mine, that is filled with sentiments too lively, too tender, to be expressed. I hardly know indeed what I said. What I very well remember is, that I was all love and all confusion; that I found it more difficult to speak before the woman I was born to admire,

than I have formerly done before the largest assemblies.

At the same time, I must confess, I was not a little amazed at being so often interrupted by a creature whom the most common rules of civility ought to have kept at a much greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was perfectly at a loss how to behave myself on such an occasion; and whether I ought to stifle my resentments, or give way to them, while I was so near a person whom I had rather die than offend.

As to the business of fortune between us, I have no other proposal to make, but that I may put my whole estate into the hands of your council, to be settled after any manner which you think will make you most easy. I hope I have long since resolved that my carriage shall be such, if ever I have the honour to be called your husband, as shall unite our interests

interests by the surest tie ; I mean that of *affection*. Give me leave to assure you, Madam, with a freedom which I think myself obliged to use on so serious an occasion, that, even as beautiful as you are, I could never be contented with your person without your *heart*. All I desire is, that I may have leave to try if my utmost endeavours to please and deserve you can make any impression on it. I only beg I may be allowed to explain myself at large on this head ; though at the same time, to confess the truth, Madam, I cannot help entertaining a vain hope that Providence had a much more than ordinary influence in my first seeing you, and that I shall act with so much truth and sincerity in my pretensions to you, as may possibly move you to think, that though I can never fully deserve you, I am much too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe, Madam, to hear me ; and either root out this foolish notion, by a frank and generous denial, or bless me with an opportunity of dedicating my whole life to your service, and doing whatever the heart of man can be inspired with, when it is filled at once with *gratitude* and *love*. I am, Madam, with infinite passion, your most devoted, most obedient, humble servant, &c.

The next letter was sent me last week by a lady whose case is truly deplorable, if it is really such as she here represents it. I shall insert it, as she desires, for the sake of the moral at the end of it.

SIR,

I Am, perhaps, the most unfortunate woman living. My story, in short, is this. Cinthio—pardon those tears that will fall upon this paper at the sight of his name—I would tell you that I was long and passionately beloved by him—But how can I describe the greatest, the sincerity of his passion ! What pains did he not take, what methods did he omit, to shew how much he valued me ? I must have been the worst, the most foolish of my sex, to have been insensible to so much truth and merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy youth, with a passion not inferior to his own ; but out of a foolish reserve, which our silly sex seldom know when they ought to keep up, and when they lay aside, I rather chose to receive his

messages, and send him his answers, by a female confidant, than to see him myself. Doria (for so I shall call the wretch) had long been a common friend to us both : she had a thousand times talked to me of Cinthio with all those praises he so truly deserved ; when one day she came to me, and, with a seeming anguish of mind, told me that Cinthio was the worst of men, and had basely betrayed me. It would be too tedious to give you an account of the fact she charged him with. I shall only inform you, that there happened at that time to be so many unlucky circumstances which made what she had told me look like truth, that I could not help believing her. She found the way to work up my passion to such a height, that I made a vow never to see him, or receive a message from him more ; and within a fortnight after, by her instigation, took a man for my husband whom I could neither love nor hate. I was no sooner married, than I was fully convinced my Cinthio had been abused. After I had for some days endured the sharpest pangs of rage, despair, jealousy, and love, I composed myself just enough to send him word that I was satisfied of his innocence ; but conjured him, if he had ever loved, to avoid seeing me. I was this afternoon obliged to go to a near relation's. The first person I fixed my eyes on, when I came into the room, was Cinthio, who immediately burst into a flood of tears, made me a low bow, and retired.

I had much ado to forbear fainting, but am got home, and am this moment enduring such torments as no words can give a notion of. I am undone ; but, before my senses are quite lost, I send you this, that it may for the future be observed as a constant rule, by my unhappy sex, Never to condemn a lover, however guilty he may at first appear, till they have at least given him an opportunity of justifying himself. I am, Sir, the most unhappy of women,

J. C.

P. S. I had like to have omitted informing you, that when I sent a letter, in the anguish of my soul, to the wretch above described, to desire I might know why she had ruined me, I received the following answer.

DEAR

DEAR JENNY,

THE fellow you mention talked so perpetually about you, and took so little notice of any body else, that I could at last no longer endure him. I plainly foresaw that, if you had ever come to-

gether, you would have been company for none but yourselves; for which reason I took care to have you marry a man with whom, if I am not mistaken, you may live as other women generally do with husbands. I am, yours, &c.

N^o XXXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

NEC VERBUM VERBO CURABIS REDDERE FIDUS
INTERPRES

HOR.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers, who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. Will is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor Wormwood is devoured with the spleen. You may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion; and, by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has, in less than three months, reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish; but has the mortification to find that her lover still sours upon her hands. Will is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor Will, and makes him lie awake all night. As I was going on with Will Wormwood's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be *The Characters of Theophrastus*, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation. When I had began to peruse it, I could not lay it by till I had gone through the

whole book; and was agreeably surprized to meet with a chapter in it, intitled, *A Discontented Temper*, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin Wormwood than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows.

C H A P. XVII.

A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

A Discontented Temper is a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice—'What,' says he, 'your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments—'I wish,' says he, 'all this came from your heart.' In a dry season he grumbles for want of rain; and when a shower falls, mutters to himself—'Why could not this have come sooner?' If he happens to find a purse of money—'Had it been a pot of gold,' says he, 'it would have been worth stooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him—'I am sure,' says he, 'thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.' When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers—'That is as much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.' Though he had gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his counsel did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a

voluntary

voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry—'How is that possible,' says he, 'when I am to pay every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?'

The instances of a Discontented Temper which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite; and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and so express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a faithful interpreter; but, in works of wit and humour, will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be

something too gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

SLOVENLINESS is such a neglect of a man's person, as makes him offensive to other people. The Sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you, for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company. In drinking, he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most solemn office of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of music, he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tunes to himself; or, if he thinks it long, asks the musicians, Whether they will never have done? He always spits at random; and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him.

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon—

None yet have been with admiration read,
But who, beside their learning, were well-bred.
ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

If, after this, the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in it's worst light, he may see how it looks in the former English version

version, which was published some years since, and is done from the French of Bruyere.

NASTINESS, OR SLOVENLINESS.

SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid as to be offensive to those about him. You'll see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails; and says, those distempers were hereditary; that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you: he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and let his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is

drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in sordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother to the footlathers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he can't forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full upon the servants who wait there.

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other Greeek or Roman author that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet; the world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into English and *translating* him.

Nº XL. THURSDAY, MAY 27.

—NEC TARDA SENECTUS
DEBILITAT VIRES—

VIRG.

THE bosom into which Love enters, inclines the person who is inspired with it with a goodness towards all with whom he converses, more extensive than even that which is instilled by Charity. I pretend to so much of this noble passion, as seldom to overlook the excellencies of other men; and I forgive Mrs. Page all the pangs my passion has given me, since, though I am never to have her, all other persons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good-will, the beginning of which I owe to the admiration of her. There are no excellencies of mind or body in any person that comes before me, which escape my observation, and I take great pleasure in divulging my sense of them.

I must confess, entertainments of the neighbouring theatre frequently engage my evenings. I do not take it to be a condescension, that some of my papers are but paraphrases upon play-bills. I have

grown old in the observation of the feats of activity and genius for intelligent movements, which I have always loved in my old acquaintance Jo. Prince, who is to entertain us on Monday next with several new inventions, wherein he has expressed the compass and variety of his excellent talent. One of those diversions he calls *The Rattle*, from the Harlequin, irregular, and comic movements, with which it is performed; another, which he has termed *The Looby*, is performed by himself, bearing a prong; and Mrs. Bicknall, managing a rake, with as much beauty (though a little higher dancing) as an Arcadian shepherdesse. The next dance he will give us, is very aptly called *The Innocent*, to be performed by Mrs. Younger; a genteel movement, consisting of a saraband and jig, to represent both the simplicity and gaiety of that character.

The fourth act will be followed by a
L motion

motion contrived to represent the midnight mirth of link-boys: the dance is very humorous, and well-imagined.

His play concludes with what they call a Figure Dance, performed by an elegant assembly of gentlemen and ladies; and is as much different from any of the preceding movements, as the stile of a poem is above that of a ballad.

But I must turn my thoughts from this performer to a person who has also diverted many different generations on the theatre, but in a much higher sphere; to wit, in the character of a poet. The person whom I am about to mention, is the celebrated Mr. D'Urfey, who has had the fate of all great authors, to have met with much envy and opposition; but the sagacious part of mankind ward (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) themselves against the envious, by representing the nobility of their birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the writings of my friend against the malice of critics, by shewing how ancient a gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to shew those who pretend to cavil at my friend's writings, that his ancestors made a greater figure in the world, nay, in the learned world, than their own.

MONSIEUR FERRAULT, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACADEMIST, IN HIS MEMOIRS OF THE WORTHIES OF FRANCE, GIVES THIS TESTIMONY OF THE HOUSE OF D'URFEY.

HONORIUS D'Urfey, (says he) cadet of the illustrious house of D'Urfey, in the province of Forreft, was chosen Knight of Malta, and discharged the devoirs of his profession with all the bravery, and all the exactness, it could require.

He had two brothers, the eldest of which married the heiress of Chatteaurmorant; but the marriage afterwards being declared null, by reason of his insufficiency, he became religious, and died prior of Mountverdon, and dean of the chapter of St. John de Mountbriffon.

The second brother was master of the horse to the Duke of Savoy, and lived to be above one hundred years old.

Honorius was very much admired for many noble and witty performances: but

what principally obliges us to put him into the number of our illustrious men, was the beauty and fertility which appears with so much splendor in *Astrea*, the romance he has left us; in which are lively pictures of all the conditions of human life, in so genuine a manner, that the idea he gives of them has not only for above fifty years past charmed all France, but all Europe.

Whatever veneration we are obliged to have for the admirable poems of Homer, which have been the delight of all ages, yet, I believe, it may be said that, to consider them on the score of invention, manners, passion, and character, Monsieur D'Urfey's *Astrea*, though prose, deserves no less the name of a Poem, and not in the least inferior to Homer's. This is the judgment of very learned men, viz. Cardinal Richlieu, Mr. Waller, Cowley, &c. and those who have been very much prepossessed for the ancients against the moderns.

Of this excellent romance we mention, though finished by another, (he dying before the last *tome* was written) yet he left enough from his own hand to establish his fame: nor was it found to be merely romance, but an enigmatical contexture of his own principal adventures, before he set out for his noble station at Malta, where he remained several years.

He had conceived a love for Mademoiselle de Chatteaurmorant, sole heiress of her family, beautiful, rich, and haughty, but of that noble haughtiness which is commonly inspired by great virtues. In his absence, she was married to his eldest brother, more upon a political account than any united affection, as will thus appear.

The houses of D'Urfey and Chatteaurmorant, the two greatest of the whole province, were always at enmity with one another, and their interests had divided all the nobility of the country, so that the parents on both sides were willing by this alliance to dry up the source of the quarrels and misfortunes which usually happen every moment.

D'Urfey, at his return from Malta, found his mistress married to his brother, yet still he could not cease to love her; and in all likelihood was not ignorant of his secret defect; who, after ten years marriage, confessing at last his impotence, was divorced; and then the chevalier, (obtaining a dispensation of his vow) after

after he had surmounted several difficulties, espoused Mademoiselle Chatteumorant.

These adventures gave occasion to those of Celadon, Silvander, Alstrea, and Diana, who are the mythical images of them; divers affairs of persons of the best quality at court, in his time, having also furnished matter for the ingenious construction of the work.

So far Perrault.

Severinus D'Urfeſy, his near kinsman, the before-mentioned chevalier being his great uncle, for the extravagancy of his youth, or some other reason which has always been a secret to those about him, was disinherited some time before he came into England; where, being excellently well gifted in all gentleman-like qualities, though undoing all by his immoderate vice of gaming, he married a gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire, of the family of the Marmions, from whom descended Thomas D'Urfeſy, the ornament of this Paper.

There seems to be no blot in this pedigree, but that of the insufficiency of the gentleman who married the heiress of Chatteumorant; but as he could, by reason of that defect, have no descendants, the heralds of Germany, Scotland and Wales, all agree, that insufficiency in a collateral line cannot affect the heirs general: so that thus my friend and his writings are safe against the most malicious critics in this particular.

Monsieur Menage reports, that the D'Urfeſys descended from the Emperors of Constantinople on the father's side, and the Viceroy of Naples on the mother's. I shall put Menage's words, by way of advertisement, at the end of my to-day's work. This long account I have inserted, that the ignorant of Mr. D'Ur-

feſy's quality may know how to receive him, when on the seventh of next month he shall appear (as he designs) in honour of the ladies, to speak an oration, by way of prologue to the Richmond Heiress.

That gentleman has so long appeared in the cities of London and Westminster, attended only by one servant, and him all along under age, that the generality have too familiar a conception of him; but it is to be hoped that the ladies, for whose sake only he appears in public, will smile upon him, as if he himself were a knight of Malta; and receive him, as if they beheld Honorius and Severinus in their professed servant Thomas D'Urfeſy. It is recommended to all the fine spirits, and beautiful ladies, to possess themselves of Mr. D'Urfeſy's tickets, lest a further account, which we shall shortly give of his family and merit, may make the generality purchase them, and exclude those whom he most desires for his audience.

EXTRACT FROM MENAGE.

MESSIRE D'Urfeſy se nomen-
 Lascaris en leur nom de Family, et
 pretendent etre issus des anciens Lascaris,
 Empereurs de Constantinople. Le
 dernier Marqui D'Urfeſy, qui avoit e-
 pouse une dalegre, disoit a son fils, qui
 etoit exempt des Gardes—' Mon fils,
 ' vous avez de grands exemples a suivre,
 ' tant du cote paternel que maternel: de
 ' mon cote vos ancetres etoient Empe-
 ' reurs d'Orient, et du cote de votremere
 ' vous venes de Viceroy de Naples.'
 Le fils repondit—' Il fault, Monsieur,
 ' que ce soient de pauvres gens, de n'a-
 ' voir pu faire qu'un miserable exempt
 ' de Gardes, d'on vient qu'ils ne m'ont
 ' laissi ni l'Empire ni leur Viceroyaute.'

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